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MANDEVILLE.

A TALE

OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

IN

ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.

And the waters of that fountain were bitter: and they said, Let the name of it be called Marah.

EXODUS, Cap. xv.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
LONDON.

1817.

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

SINCEREST FRIEND I EVER HAD,

THE LATE

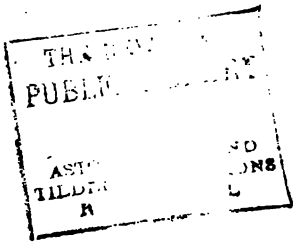
JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN,

(WHO A FEW DAYS SINCE QUITTED THIS MORTAL STAGE)

I AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBE

THESE VOLUMES.

October 25, 1817.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PREFACE.

Approaching, as I now very rapidly do, to the period when I must bid the world an everlasting farewel, I am not unwilling to make up my accounts with it, as far as relates to this lighter species of composition. On this occasion, I am contented to talk, to that small portion of the world whose eye is ever likely to light upon these prefatory pages, with the communicativeness of an intimate friend.

Eight years ago I began a novel. The thought I adopted as the germ of my work, was taken from the story of the Seven Sleepers in the records of the first centuries of Christianity, or rather

from the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, in Perrault's Tales of *Ma Mere L'Oie.* I supposed a hero who should have this faculty, or this infirmity, of falling asleep unexpectedly, and should sleep twenty, thirty, or a hundred years at a time, at the pleasure of myself, his creator. I knew that such a canvas would naturally admit a vast variety of figures, actions, and surprises.

When my respectable friend, the publisher of the present work, found means to put in activity the suspended faculty of fiction within me, I resolved to return to the tale which, eight years before, I had laid aside. But the nearer I looked at it, the more I was frightened at the task. Such a work must be made up of a variety of successive tales, having for their main point of connection, the impression which the

events brought forward should produce on my sleeping-waking principal personage. I should therefore have had at least a dozen times to set myself to the task of invention, as it were, *de novo*. I judged it more prudent, particularly regarding certain disadvantages under which I found myself, to choose a story that should be more strictly one, and should so have a greater degree of momentum, tending to carry me forward, after the first impulse given, by one incessant motion, from the commencement to the conclusion. Such was my motive for rejecting my former subject, and adopting that which is here treated.

Every author, at least for the last two thousand years, takes his hint from some suggestion afforded by an author that has gone before him, as Sterne has

very humorously observed * ; and I do not pretend to be an exception to this rule. The impression, that first led me to look with an eye of favour upon the subject here treated, was derived from a story-book, called Wieland, written by a person, certainly of distinguished genius, who I believe was born and died in the province of Pennsylvania in the United States of North America, and who calls himself C. B. Brown. This impression was further improved from some hints in De Montfort, a tragedy, by Joanna Baillie. Having signed these bills against me, I hold myself for the present occasion discharged from all claims of my literary creditors, except such as are purely transient and incidental.

* Tristram Shandy, Vol. I. chap. xxi. Edition 1775.

To proceed in the same style of confession and unreserve. I am not aware that, in my capacity as an author, I owe any considerable thanks to the kindness of my contemporaries; yet I part from them without the slightest tinge of ill-humour. If ever they have received my productions with welcome, it has been because the same public impression, or the same tone of moral feeling, had been previously generated in the minds of a considerable portion of my species, and in my own. When I have written merely from a private sentiment, and thought to try whether, as Marmontel says, they valued me for myself, [which I did in the Essay on Sepulchres, and the Lives of the Nephews of Milton] my reception has been such, as might be well calculated to cure me, if I had been constitutionally liable to the in-

toxications of vanity. Yet I have never truckled to the world. I have never published any thing with the slightest purpose to take advantage of the caprice of the day, to approach the public on its weak side, or to pamper its frailties. What I have produced, was written merely in obedience to that spirit, unshackled and independent, whatever were its other qualities, that commanded me to take up my pen.

There are two or three things, which I still meditate to perform in my character of an author. But whether life, and health, and leisure will be granted me sufficient for the execution of what I design, is among the secrets of "time not yet in existence." In either event I feel myself altogether satisfied and resigned.

MANDEVILLE.

MANDEVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

I was born in the year 1638. The place of my birth was the borough of Charlemont, in the north of Ireland. My great-uncle passed over to that country in the train of the Earl of Essex, in his famous and unfortunate expedition thither undertaken forty years before. The military reputation of my great-uncle was considerable, and he died full of years and of honour, under the pacific administration of Sir Arthur Chichester. My father, who, as well as my great-uncle, was a younger brother, was bred to

the same profession, was sent over to Ireland for the advantage of being under his uncle's eye, and was at this time an officer in the garrison of Charlemont under William Lord Caulfield, a brave officer, now grown old in the service of his sovereign.

Ireland was a country that had been for ages in a state of disturbance and violence. No people were ever more proud of their ancestry and their independence than the Irish, or more wedded to their old habits of living;—and the policy of the English administration had not been such as to wean them in any degree from the partialities to which they were prone. The latter years of Elizabeth however had conduced much to the enfeebling of their military strength; and the pacific system of James seemed, for a long time, to be no where attended with so much success as in this island. His system in Ireland, was that of colonization, of placing large bodies of civilized strangers in every great station through the country,

and undertaking, by a variety of means, to reclaim the wild Irish from what might almost be called their savage state. The government of his lieutenants and deputies was not exactly that of benignity;—it was characterized by many forfeitures, and by a vexatious inquiry, in every direction successively, into the titles by which the Irish chieftains held their estates; but it was so equally tempered with severity and firmness, as to produce the spectacle, scarcely before known, of a profound peace in the island for almost forty years.

It was towards the close of this period that Thomas Lord Strafford was appointed, by Charles I, to the office of Lord-Lieutenant. In his government there was a greater proportion of sternness than in that of his predecessors; his character was in the highest degree arrogant and imperious, but there was a steadiness in his measures, and his proceedings were stamped with the features of intellect and ability,—so as to

appear well calculated to impress a people like the Irish with awe and respect. They hated him, but you could scarcely see that they hated him. They did not, even to their own thoughts, fully analyze and confess their passions; they felt towards him the sensations inspired by a sort of superior nature,—the core of their thoughts was dread and aversion; but their gestures were paralyzed; the expression of these sentiments died away upon their tongue; the public language that followed him was that of approbation and honour. Ireland was substantially less tranquillized than under Sir Arthur Chichester, and the other predecessors of their present austere ruler; but it exhibited every external indication of tranquillity and submission.

Strafford was finally withdrawn from the government of Ireland in the beginning of the year 1640. His absence was intended to be short; but the growing convulsions of his native country detained him, and he

never returned. This produced a very new state of things in the country where he had presided. His successors were not of a character to impress either respect or terror upon the people they governed, and the Irish began to reflect in an independent spirit upon their condition. An unexpected view of things opened upon their thoughts. They had contemplated the ascendancy of the English government as a detested thing; but, at the same time, as an evil that it was as much in vain to struggle against, as the laws of nature, or the convulsions of the elements. The other subjects of this government had, for some time, been under different impressions. The people of North Britain, offended with the injudicious and narrow-minded efforts that had been employed to impose upon them episcopacy and a liturgy, had risen in open resistance against the tyranny, and had quelled the oppressor. The English, who had long despised the naked and unvarnish-

ed despotism that had been attempted over them, were now ripe for the combined and irresistible assertion of their rights. The Long Parliament assembled towards the close of 1640; and they began their operations with an open attack on the confidential ministers of Charles I. Strafford in particular was the object of their unrelenting prosecution, and he was put to death by the sentence of the highest court of judicature, in the spring of the following year.

All this was greatly encouraging to the Irish. The period was favourable; and if they neglected to improve it, they would deserve to be slaves. They had both example and opportunity to animate their efforts. What they had suffered before, they now ventured to shape into thoughts; and what they thought, they dared to speak. Their murmurs were audible; and the stream of the population was agitated, like ocean before a storm.

The discontents of Ireland were first pub-

lished through the constitutional medium, her parliament. This assembly sent over her commissioners, to assist the English legislature with additional charges against Strafford. They called loudly for the redress of some of the most oppressive grievances that had been imposed by the stern lord-lieutenant. They demanded the establishment of certain *graces*, which had long been promised by the crown, and the object of which was to quiet the litigious and technical inquiries at law, that had too frequently been set on foot to disturb the Irish landed proprietors in their possessions. Thus far all was well; and the puritan and the papist had gone hand in hand in the assertion of general right.

But there was another and a deeper discontent at work in this unhappy country. The majority of its population was Catholic, and all the religious emoluments of Ireland were reserved for the Protestants. The country had struggled for ages for her in-

dependence; it was a war of the oppresso against the oppressed; of civilized man, c man claiming to be such, against man a most in a state of barbarism; and, incider tally only, for nearly a century past, of th two great denominations of the Christia religion against each other. The party, c rather the great mass of the population c the country, who were in opposition to th government, felt that they were the ancier proprietors of the soil. Irish manners an Irish sentiments, every thing that was loc in human society, was with them; th party that, in a great majority of cases, lor ed it over them, they regarded as alien And when we add to this general view the case, the recollection that must nece sarily accompany it, of all the individual ci cumstances, and all the bitter aggravatio that attended each act of oppression, w may easily conceive what must have bee the state of the Irish mind. But all th would have been a matter of infinitely le

magnitude than it actually was, had it not been inextricably bound up with considerations of religion. The artifices, or rather the mistakes and bigotry of the priesthood, infused a venom into the hostility existing on either side, that all together gave "note of a fearful preparation." These things I can state impartially now; but it is through a course of incredible mischief and suffering only that I have learned this impartiality.

The calamities that overwhelmed Ireland towards the close of the year 1641, might in part have been foreseen by a skilful observer, but not by such men as then sat at the helm of her government. There is no instance perhaps in the records of mankind, of such profound supineness and security upon the eve of so terrible a storm. I am not, however, writing a piece of national history; and therefore I shall only say, that the conspirators had finally chosen the 23d of October, as the

day on which their insurrection should break out through a very extensive line of country.

The principal leader of the conspirators in the province of Ulster, was Sir Phelim O'Neile. He was of a licentious and brutal temper, oppressed with debts, stirred up with the ambition of standing at the head of his name and figuring as the O'Neiles his predecessors had done, and unscrupulous as to the means by which his purposes were to be achieved. The first exploit marked out for him, was the gaining possession of Charlemont. The most obvious step towards that end that suggested itself to his thoughts, was to invite himself to sup in the castle, with Lord Caulfield and the principal officers of the garrison, on the night of the 22d of October. This nobleman, who was accustomed to live with his Irish neighbours on terms of unsuspecting confidence, cheerfully accepted the proposal. No symptom of hostility

had shown itself; every thing was as in a state of the most perfect peace and security. Sir Phelim came, attended with a numerous train of followers; but this occasioned no surprise; it was the custom of the times. His manner was frank, companionable and courteous. Lord Caulfield was particularly desirous to do honour to his guest. The rugged chieftain was gifted with a considerable vein of convivial humour; and the officers of the garrison exerted themselves to catch his tone, and be as easy, mirthful, unrestrained and confiding, as he apparently was. The wine circulated; a general face of festivity prevailed; the song, the jest, the tale, was occasionally interspersed; every thing bespoke the fair and friendly meaning both of the entertainer and his guests. Lord Caulfield expressed himself as conceiving a happy omen, from this sociable meeting of the ancient Irish and the English settlers; and Sir Phelim echoed his sentiment, and devoutly prayed that no

future misunderstanding might ever occur to disturb so edifying a harmony.

The entertainment had at length advanced to that point, that the good humour of those who feasted was not unproductive of some obstreperous symptoms of hilarity; yet a noise was suddenly heard from without, that fixed the attention of all, and overpowered for a moment the mirth that went round the board. It was the sound of a scuffle; but that speedily subsided, and was succeeded by the sound of many feet as in military movement. The eyes of those at the table were turned on each other. The visages of Sir Phelim and his friends were evidently firm and unruffled; not so the governor and his English officers. The apartment where they sat had doors at the two opposite ends; these doors suddenly flew open; and a file of Irish, appropriately armed, entered at each. Lord Caulfield rose to expostulate; but Sir Phelim suddenly stopped him, with the air of a

man who feels that he has the game in his own hands.

"Lord governor," said he, "and as many of the officers of the garrison as I see here, I have come among you in frolic and merriment, but the purpose of my visit is serious. You are my prisoners. It is in vain to resist; your men are already secured; you shall have no reason to complain of your treatment; we mean you no harm. But to-morrow all Ireland rises in the assertion of her rights. Our plan is entire and unbroken; Dublin is ours; every fort and garrison in Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, is ours. We meditate no injury; not a drop of blood shall be shed, if it is in our power to avoid it. But we will have our rights. We will not be trampled upon as we have been by a handful of foreigners; we will not submit to have our estates torn from us, because we or our ancestors have meritoriously drawn our swords in the sacred cause of our country; we will

not allow our inability to produce certain deeds and musty parchments, to be set up against immemorial possession to oust us of our lands; we are resolved that the holy Catholic faith, to which every man of Ireland is a sincere adherent, shall no longer go naked, like a dishonoured wanderer, but shall be clothed again in all her pristine magnificence and splendour. I repeat, we bear you no hostility; we mean you no harm; but this castle of Charlemont we claim for us and our cause; and you must be contented for the present to remain my prisoners."

Lord Caulfield felt the indignation of a soldier at the language addressed to him. He reminded Sir Phelim that he had himself nothing to complain of, that could in any degree excuse his revolt from his sovereign. His family had experienced no severity from the government, nor been deprived of any of their possessions. He had been bred a Protestant, and must first be a

recreant to the religion in which he had been instructed, before he could be a traitor to his king. The governor added, with emphasis and fervour, that no cause could be honourable that was served by such means. "You came under my roof as a friend; I exerted myself to receive you, as became your rank and your former life. You have abused my hospitality; you have treacherously used the language of kindness, and the professions of good faith. Fairly you could never have overpowered me and the brave men that stand beside me. I received a trust from my royal master; wrest it from me by the open means of a soldier, and welcome! But you have taken advantage of my weakness, or rather of my sincere and honourable mind, which, incapable of deception in itself, knew not to suspect it in another. You have made me," and a tear burst into the old man's eyes as he spoke, "a worthless servant to my king. You have disarmed me by a

paltry device, and prevented me from that which it was my duty to do, discharging faithfully the trust reposed in me, and either conquering his foes by my own valour and that of those under my command, or dying with the sword in my hand, and being overcome after I had exerted every energy of an officer and a man in vain."

It was a singular concurrence of circumstances that enabled Sir Phelim and his fellow-conspirators to commence their revolt in so formidable a manner. Lord Strafford had raised an army of eight thousand Irish, principally Catholics, to assist his master in subduing the Scottish revolt. Charles however, from the joint imbecility of himself and his counsellors, Strafford excepted, after having marched his forces to the borders of Scotland, yielded the whole question to his rebellious subjects, and subscribed to all the conditions they thought proper to impose upon him, without drawing a sword. Thus his Irish levies were

rendered useless. They were consequently disbanded; and that no ill effects might result from their being turned loose on the public, it was agreed with the Spanish minister, that they should immediately be re-enlisted for the service of his master. Sir Phelim and his fellow-conspirators were among the most active for the execution of this measure. But the companies being enrolled, various pretences were raised to baffle the embarkation of these troops for the Spanish service. It unfortunately happened, that both the English and Irish parliament forbade the transport of these troops; and merchants were even obliged to give security, that they would not lend their vessels for this purpose. Thus formidable bodies of men were left at large under the most dangerous leaders; and those who commanded them, were in some sort invited to meditate for themselves the destination upon which they should be employed.

Lord Caulfield and his garrison, officers

and soldiers, of which my father was one, were marched under a sufficient guard to Kinnard, in the neighbouring county of Tirone, the principal seat of the insurgent into whose hands they had fallen. Here they were at first treated, as Sir Phelim had promised they should be, with as much courtesy and humanity as circumstances would admit.

But a war of this sort is never carried on with those decorums, and that spirit of forbearance and accommodation towards an enemy, which is sometimes practised between civilized and polished nations. The plan originally laid down by the insurgents was to seize all forts and garrisons, to retain the gentry as hostages in their hands, the better to secure a degree of moderation on the part of government, and to shed as little blood as possible. But they resolved to possess the land of their ancestors, and not to suffer any settlers from the superior island to remain in their borders. This

immediately led to much cruelty. The British had made for themselves comfortable and pleasant habitations, abounding with corn, cattle, and every other accommodation, that an industrious people could draw out of a picturesque country and a fertile soil. They had lived among their Irish neighbours with every appearance of good fellowship; and the demonstrations of love and affection on either part had been mutual. Hostilities between them had ceased, for almost as long a time as the memory of any one living could reach; and nothing could exceed the quietness and security with which the new settlers enjoyed their possessions. It may easily be imagined with what feelings they received the mandate, that they must dwell there no longer. The success of the Irish in Ulster however was such, that nothing could resist their pleasure. The whole province, together with the counties of Longford in Leinster, and Leitrim in Connaught, with the excep-

tion of a very few strong places, fell into the power of the rebels. All this was achieved in the short space of a week; and, at the same time, O'Neile saw himself at the head of thirty thousand men. If any of the British repaired to a spot where they conceived they should be able to defend themselves, they were, for the most part, tempted to give up the undertaking, by the offer, on the part of their assailants, of assurance for their lives, and whatever they could take away with them, with free passage and a safe conduct to any place to which they might think proper to retire.

CHAPTER II.

All this was calamitous enough; but the evil did not end here. Their enemies were, for the most part, men of barbarous habits, miserably accoutered, and unaccustomed to obedience. It would need the most exact discipline to keep in order bodies of men, circumstanced as the Irish were on the present occasion. The British were of course disarmed, and ignominiously led away in herds, as totally disqualified and unworthy to live any longer intermingled with the people by whom they were now conveyed into banishment. The Catholic priests, who had been the princi-

stop for this; and they were left to perish with hunger and cold by the side of the highway. Such an event must either melt the most untutored heart to pity, or the emotion that spontaneously arises, must be subdued by an antagonist sentiment of careless barbarity and sanguinary scorn. Hard words were mutually given and returned between the persecutor and the victim. The debate which began in words, did not always end so. The skein, or Irish dagger, was an ever-ready instrument; and an uneducated and hot-blooded kern found no difficulty in consummating his invectives and his rage with a mortal wound. The first drop of blood that was shed seemed to be the signal for every kind of barbarity. Murder, when it had once unfurled its standard, did not satiate its impulse with one, but with hundreds of victims. Boys of seven and eight years of age, children at the breast, women far advanced in their pregnancy, seemed often to be made the

preferred objects of destruction. He that has once dipped his hands in blood, appears to have no more obvious way of stifling the whispers of remorse, than by wading deeper and more deep in pitiless cruelty. Presently the dagger was found too slow and powerless an instrument, to gratify the barbarity that wantoned round. Drowning was a commodious means for wholesale destruction, and was resorted to on multiplied occasions. The most tragical scene of these inflictions was the bridge of Portnedown, in the county of Armagh. The bridge was first broken down in the middle by the rebels, and the fugitives were then driven upon it from one end and the other. With pikes and swords they were forced over into the water, and as many as attempted to save their lives by swimming were knocked on the head with poles, or shot at from the banks. One hundred and eighty persons perished thus in one day; and these executions were fre-

quently repeated. An extraordinary consequence followed upon this. The apparitions of several of the persons thus murdered, were shortly after seen nightly on the surface of the river in which they perished. The shapes of men and women suddenly bolted out of the water, showing themselves naked waist-high, and upright in the stream. This vision continued for many days; the spirits uttered horrible and terrifying cries, and imprecated revenge on their murderers; so that many of those persons who had not shrunk from the destruction of the Protestants while alive, could not endure the presence and the voice of their ghosts after death. All who lived near the scene fled from the fatal spot with affright, and took shelter in the neighbouring towns, from the hearing of sounds which it was not in mortal hardihood to endure and live. *

* These facts are attested by many witnesses on oath and Dr Ferriar, in an Essay on the Theory of Appari —

Such were the tales that were daily, and sometimes hourly, brought to my father and his comrades in their confinement at Kinnard; and it was soon manifest that this war, which began with professions of clemency, was rapidly degenerating into a scene of cruelty and massacre, such as has rarely occurred in the annals of the world. The first excesses commenced among the rudest of the people, and were perpetrated by boors, unacquainted with almost the slightest tincture of civilization. Yet, once begun, it would have been difficult to stay their progress, especially in a case like this, where the affair was strictly a rising of the population to give law to the land. But, difficult or easy, the experiment never was tried. O'Neile, and most of the other heads of the conspiracy, were as bigoted, as hardened, and as brutal, as the lowest of their

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tions, has endeavoured to account for them from natural causes.

followers. Sir Phelim himself was totally without that firmness and serenity of spirit, which, in souls of a happier temper, preserves them from being too much elevated by prosperity, or cast down by adverse events. When he looked on the number of his forces, and the extent of territory that lay unresisting before him, his heart dilated with pride, and he believed that he had only to show himself in his strength on this side or on that, and all would yield before him. On the other hand, he was too impatient and arrogant, to be able to encounter with equanimity anything that thwarted him. Amidst all the great and mighty victories of which he boasted, he did not fail to experience some reverses. These rendered him frantic, in proportion to the unmeasured joy that showed itself in him on other occasions. He was repulsed before the castle of Augher; and he immediately ordered the Protestants of three adjacent parishes to be massacred.

But the most considerable check he experienced at this time was at Lisnegarvy (now called Lisburne). He could not endure that, while he had gained possession of the whole open country of Ulster, a few principal places still had the audacity to defy his arms. Of these Carrickfergus was the chief; and, to reach this place with effect, it appeared necessary first to take in the intermediate garrison of Lisnegarvy. For this expedition he drew out four thousand of the choicest troops from the myriads that followed his standard. The attack was sustained and repelled with steadiness and vigour. But in this affair the British proved the superior. The repeated assaults of the besiegers only served to swell the heaps of their slain; and the English boasted, that the number of the enemy killed on this occasion, trebled the amount of their whole garrison.

The disappointment sustained by O'Neile in this attempt drew out all the savageness

read of the sack of Rome by the Gauls, when the fathers of the senate sat each man in his ivory chair in the porch of his own house, and, without changing the position of feature or limb, expected their fate, while, to the barbarians that traversed the city, they appeared rather divinities than men. The prisoners of Kinnard had, for many days, looked forward to their death. The successive accounts of barbarities that reached them, were like the distant thunder, and taught them to anticipate the moment when the storm would fall with accumulated violence on their own heads.

But within the narrow bounds of their imprisonment they were not alone. The ruthless chieftain into whose hands they had fallen, had hurried along every creature he had found of the better class in the castle of Charlemont, and hemmed them round in this devoted spot. Who could behold with unaltered eye the entrance of the barbarians, that already in their purpose devoted the

women and children shut up in Kinnard, as victims to expiate the destructive bravery of their countrymen in the defence of Lisnegarvy? The prisoners were unarmed, not unresisting. They seized every weapon of offence that chance threw in their way, and determined to procrastinate their destiny, or to sell their lives at a high rate. Several of the savages fell in the first assault. Their reception taught them caution; they retired to somewhat a greater distance, and fired vollies into the midst of us. Every shot told. I cannot go on with the narrative. Dying groans, and piercing shrieks, and the fierce and tremendous cry of insult and triumph on the part of our invaders, made up the horrible concert. They pursued the unhappy wretches they were sent to destroy, to garrets, and along the roofs of the building. They ceased not, till the funereal and agonizing cries which had lately tormented the air, gave place to a still more funereal and awe-creating silence.

Murder had done his work, and there no longer remained a victim to destroy.

From the general massacre of the English within the walls of Sir Phelim's residence this day, I was the only one that escaped. My preservation was owing to the fidelity and courage of an Irish woman-servant, to whose charge I had been committed. Her mistress and family she could not save; but me she caught up in her arms with a resolution that nothing could subdue. "What have you there?" said one of the murderers; "that child is an English child." "By the Virgin," replied the woman, "it is my own flesh and blood; would you go for to confound this dear little jewel, as true a Catholic as ever was born'd, with the carcases of heretics?" "Let the child speak," answered the ruffian, "he is old enough; who do you belong to?" "To me! to me!" shrieked the woman, in an agony of terror. "Speak!" repeated the assassin, and lifted over me the instrument of death. I hid my

face in my nurse's bosom. I did not comprehend the meaning of the question, but I felt that the faithful creature who embraced me was my protector. "To Judy," said I; "Judy is my mammy." "Begone," said the murderer sternly, drawing back his skein, "and mix no more with this dunghil of Protestant dogs."

Judith carried me away, with the intention of retiring with me to her native village, and bringing me up as her own child. On any other occasion this might easily have been done, but not now. The insurgents, who had begun, as I have said, with vows of moderation, and a resolution to avoid as much as possible the imbruing their hands in blood, having once overstepped this limit, and dipped their hands in one murder after another, felt that there was no retreat; and avowed their determination not to leave one Briton, man, woman or child, alive in the districts where their power was supreme. Judith was

questioned about me again and again, in different places through which she passed; and all her self-command, fervour, and quick turns of ingenuity, were scarcely sufficient to preserve me from the hostile sword. Convinced but too fully of the imminent dangers that hung over my life, she turned her steps in the direction of Dublin.

At length, at the town of Kells, it was her fortune to fall in with the reverend Hilkiah Bradford, who had for several preceding years been chaplain to the garrison in which I was born. He immediately knew her. He suspected the meaning of her expedition, and felt that he had some recollection of my own features. Judith shewed the sincerest transports of joy in meeting him, and thought that all her troubles would now be at an end. She was however mistaken in her calculations. Hilkiah, who was a man of the utmost integrity and purity of heart, willingly took me under his protection, but insisted on an immediate

and irrevocable separation between me and my faithful preserver. The reverend clergyman was imbued with all the prejudices, that belong to the most strait-laced of the members of his sacred profession. His continual theme was that the church of Rome was no other than the spiritual Babylon, prophesied of in the book of Revelations; and the text of scripture on which he was ever most prone to descant, was, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." He was fully convinced that a Papist was more especially an object of the hatred of the almighty creator, than either a Heathen or a Mahometan. And, if such were the sentiments familiar to his youth, and in which he had been too fatally confirmed by the conspiracy of the Gunpowder Treason, and the diabolical crime of the infatuated Ravaillac, it may easily be supposed how much strength this opinion gained in him, by the

dreadful scenes with which he was at this moment surrounded.

Fearful was the contention between Judith and the reverend Hilkiah, as to the destiny to which I was now to be consigned. The exertions of this uninstructed matron were not less strenuous, than those of the woman whose the living child really was, when she pleaded before Solomon. She, who had shielded me again and again from the daggers, already dropping with gore, of her savage countrymen, thought foul scorn to be baffled by an unarmed heretical priest. She had congratulated herself on her success, when she had escaped from the lines of the rebel Irish, into a town that was at this moment filled with English, fugitives and others But she found herself further from the purpose of her affectionate heart here than before. My life, indeed, was now in safety. In that thought she truly rejoiced. But was it to be endured that she, who had nursed and fed me

from her own breast from the hour of my birth, and who had just brought me hither unhurt through a thousand hair-breadth escapes, should now be thrust out from me with contumely, as one whose touch henceforth would be contamination and pestilence to me? She raved; she intreated. "And was not it myself that saved him? And has not he owed his life to me times without number? And am not I ten times his mother? Jewel, dear, you have no mother; you have no father; suddenly, fearfully, they have been taken from you; there is nobody now in all the world that can do for you but Judy. Mr Bradford, you cannot be so cruel; you are a priest, though your are not a Roman; I have always thought you a good man. Who shall take care of the poor helpless wretch, if I am put away from him, who am his natural foster-or? You do not mean to be the death of him! Kill me, cut me to pieces, but do not ye, do not ye, be so barbarous as to put

me away from him, and leave me alive. My child! my child! my child!"

It will easily be imagined, that I was moved to the utmost degree with the agonies of my nurse, and that I joined my anguish, my tears, my cries, my intreaties, to hers. But this was a portentous moment, in which all human emotions, except within a certain definite limit, were utterly extinguished. Bigotry was lord-paramount on every side, and strode along triumphant, unhearing, and cased in triple adamant, over the ruins of every feeling of the heart. Had the contention been only between Judith, and the reverend divine who claimed to take me under his protection, without doubt her more energetic spirit, and her more muscular limbs would have borne off the prize. But, in the street of Kells, she was wholly surrounded with British,—with creatures who had just, through every degree of hardship and misery, escaped with life, who had each one left behind a hus-

band, a wife, or a child, the prey of this bloody pursuit, and to whom it was agony to see among them for a moment a being of the race of their destroyers. The more clamorous the unhappy woman showed herself, the more importunately she forced her intreaties and her shrieks upon their hearing, by so much the more inexorably were they resolved to expel her. Was a woman of this accursed, savage, Irish, Popish brood, to be supposed to have any feelings, or any feelings entitled to the sympathy and favour of a Protestant heart? They repelled her with every degree of contumely; and, when at length she sunk senseless under the protracted contest, they flung her out of the town, like some loathsome load of contamination, too pestilent for wholesome British senses to endure.

From Kells, my victorious protector bore me away in triumph to Dublin, and thence, with the least possible delay, procured a passage on board a frail and crazy bark

for England. The general opinion then was, that the insurgents would in a few days get possession of the metropolis, which they would not fail to make a scene of greater horror and devastation than any that had preceded, and that not one native of Great Britain would be left alive in the island; at least such was the firm persuasion of those, who had passed through the scene of all these horrors, and who felt their escape, and their continuing to exist, as an incredible miracle. All who could provide themselves with a passage, though at never so excessive rates, were eager to quit the devoted coast. And, to heighten the calamity, there was a succession of violent winds and impetuous storms, such as had never before been known. Our poor fleet of barks was slenderly victualled, and loaded with passengers. But no danger, and no distress, could induce them to make land again, preferring, as they did, all the hostility of the elements, to the bare chance

of falling into the hands of the infuriated enemy. We were in perpetual danger of perishing at sea, and much the greater part of the vessels that left Dublin at the same time, were actually cast away. Our passage was not accomplished under three months; a great number of the persons on board had expired with hunger; and those who reached tbe British coast alive were so much enfeebled with the extremities they had endured, as scarcely to be able to drag their bodies on shore.

CHAPTER III.

Mr Bradford, on his arrival, immediately hastened to London, and from thence wrote to my uncle, my father's elder brother, who in consequence of the late calamity was become my natural guardian, to ask his directions how he was to dispose of me. The answer he received expressed my uncle's wish that I should be brought to him without delay, and added a request that my preserver would have the goodness to accompany me. These directions were no sooner known, than they were carried into execution; and, at the end of the second day from our leaving London, we reached

in safety the place of our destination, which lay immediately on the verge of the sea, on the shores of the English channel.

I resided constantly under the roof of this uncle for the next following eight or nine years of my life; and it is therefore necessary that I should here describe the most remarkable features of this residence. I did not immediately see and feel these particulars, in such a manner as to have enabled me to describe them, if I had been early removed from the observation of them; but they insensibly incorporated themselves as it were with the substance of my mind; and my character, such as it was afterwards displayed, owed much of its peculiarity to the impressions I here received.

The dwelling-place of my uncle was an old and spacious mansion, the foundation of which was a rock, against which the waves of the sea for ever beat, and by their incessant and ineffectual rage were worked into a foam, that widely spread it-

self in every direction. The sound of the dashing waters was eternal, and seemed calculated to inspire sobriety, and almost gloom, into the soul of every one who dwelt within the reach of its influence. The situation of this dwelling, on that side of the island which is most accessible to an enemy, had induced its original architect to construct it in such a manner, as might best enable it to resist an invader, though its fortifications had since fallen into decay. It was a small part of the edifice only that was inhabited in my time. Several magnificent galleries, and a number of spacious apartments, were wholly neglected, and suffered to remain in a woful state of dilapidation. Indeed it was one wing only that was now tenanted, and that imperfectly; the centre and the other wing had long been resigned to the owls and the bitterns. The door which formed the main entrance of the building was never opened; and the master and all that be-

longed to him were accustomed to pass by an obscure postern only. The courtyard exhibited a striking scene of desolation. The scythe and the spade were never admitted to violate its savage character. It was overgrown with tall and rank grass of a peculiar species, intermingled with elder trees, nettles, and briars.

The dwelling which I have thus described was surrounded on three sides by the sea; it was only by the north-west that I could reach what I may call my native country. The whole situation was eminently insalubrious. Though the rock on which our habitation was placed was, for the most part, of a perpendicular acclivity, yet we had to the west a long bank of sand, and in different directions various portions of bog and marshy ground, sending up an endless succession of vapours, I had almost said steams, whose effect holds unmitigated war with healthful animal life. The tide also threw up vast quantities of sargas-

sos and weeds, the corruption of which was supposed to contribute eminently to the same effect. For a great part of the year we were further involved in thick fogs and mists, to such a degree as often to render the use of candles necessary even at noon-day.

The open country, which, as I have said, lay to the north-west of us, consisted for the most part of an immense extent of barren heath, the surface of which was broken and unequal, and was scarcely intersected with here and there the track of a rough, sandy, and incommodious road. Its only variety was produced by long stripes of grass of an unequal breadth, mingled with the sand of the soil, and occasionally adorned with the plant called heath, and with fern. A tree was hardly to be found for miles. Such was the character of the firm ground, which of course a wanderer like myself, avoiding as carefully as might be a deviation into quaggy and treacherous

paths, selected for his rambles. The hut of the labourer was rarely to be found; the chief sign of animal life was a few scattered flocks of sheep, with each of them its shepherd's boy and his dog; and the nearest market-town was at a distance of seventeen miles. Over this heath, as I grew a little older, I delighted to extend my peregrinations; and though the atmosphere was for the greater part of the year thick, hazy and depressing, yet the desolateness of the scene, the wideness of its extent, and even the monotonous uniformity of its character, favourable to meditation and endless reverie, did not fail to be the source to me of many cherished and darling sensations.

My uncle was the eldest son and lineal representative of the opulent family of the Mandevilles, and could boast that he was proprietor of four or five splendid and delicious mansions in different counties of England. It will naturally be asked therefore, how he came to chuse the most uninviting

He was scarcely equal to the most ordinary corporal exertions; and the temper of his mind corresponded to the frame of his body, tender as a flower, deeply susceptible of every unkindness and whatever thwarted his views and propensities, unequal to contention, and sinking, as without power of resistance, under any thing that presented itself in the form of hostility.

Yet this delicate creature was not slenderly furnished with intellectual endowments. Unqualified as he was for every species of hardihood, his happiness was placed in sedentary pursuits. He was an elegant scholar, and displayed the most lively and refined taste as to all those objects which address themselves to that faculty. He was, in particular, a most admirable musician.

All these qualities, which, to a person capable of appreciating them, would have rendered him an object of love and esteem, were lost, and worse than lost, upon my

grandfather. He was not satisfied to regard them with negligence and contempt; they became to him every day more and more the objects of inextinguishable abhorrence. The consequence of all this was, that, after a trial of some years, my grandfather and my uncle seldom met. The son shrunk with unconquerable terror from the presence of his father; and the father exerted himself to forget that he had such a son, and was inexpressibly mortified at any thing that brought back the fact to his recollection. Meanwhile, the education of Audley Mandeville was entirely domestic; he was supposed not to have strength to contend with the difficulties of a public seminary. He was therefore in some sort a prisoner in the paternal mansion; he took no exercise without being previously informed that his father was from home; and he had continually present to his thoughts the depressing conviction (for in that way it certainly ope-

rated upon him) that he was the object of his father's detestation.

The consolations he possessed to support him under these melancholy circumstances were few. His mother was his principal comfort, and her he regarded with sentiments scarcely short of adoration. His mother had also a niece, who was become an inmate in the house. This young lady was the progeny of my grandmother's sister, who had married unhappily, against the consent of all her family, and whose husband had turned out a profligate, and had deserted her. The young lady I have mentioned was the only offspring of this marriage, and was now completely an orphan.

Amelia Montfort had, in the result of these accidents, been made the equal and almost constant companion of her more high-born cousin. They had a similarity of tastes, and their studies were in many respects the same. Like Audley, she had

a keen relish for music, and had studied under the same masters. They often therefore joined their respective performances, either with the voice or the instrument. My uncle had a voice so singularly melodious, as to have gained him the appellation of the little nightingale. Though deformed in his person, his eyes were remarkably beautiful; and his countenance had an expression of sweetness, modesty and diffidence, that seemed irresistible. While Amelia laboured with her needle, the tediousness of her employment was often relieved to her, as Audley read aloud some favourite author, while she plied the sempstress' toil. She was not permitted the advantage of masters for language; but this privation was made up to her, particularly in Italian, by the instructions of Audley. As he had scarcely any other companion, the society of Amelia was singularly dear to him. Yet much of his time was spent in sequestered solitude. His li-

terary diligence was often too severe and unremitted to allow of an associate; but this separation and study only made the conversation of his confidential and constant friend the more precious to him, when his hours of study were at an end.

It was scarcely to be imagined, that two young persons of different sexes, whose tastes were in many respects the same, should be so constantly together, without their being impressed with a mutual passion. To Audley Amelia was all the world, as for weeks together he often saw no other human creature, except his mother, his instructors, and the servants. His mother however died, before he was of an age when vigilance on this subject is usually resorted to. Commodore Mandeville, now a widower, substituted in the place of his wife, as superintendent of his household, a maiden sister of his own, Mrs Dorothy Mandeville, a person of a very notable character, who, as soon as the duties

of her function were performed, always found relaxation and refreshment in books. Her library however was not numerous, being entirely confined to two subjects,—books of devotion, and books of genealogy and heraldry. Between her active and her sedentary occupations her time was fully engrossed; and she was a person of so much importance in her own eyes, that there was scarcely any other living being that she could think entitled to much place in her thoughts. Audley and Amelia therefore, now growing towards man's and woman's estate, went on in the same train to which they had been accustomed while children, or rather with a greater degree of attachment and effusion of soul than ever, without awakening the smallest suspicion in the elevated mind of Mrs Dorothy.

Audley Mandeville however had not contented himself with expressing the partiality he felt, in general terms. Even from his boyish days he had been accustomed to

talk to Amelia of love and marriage; and she listened to the tale with no less delight, than that which he felt in giving it utterance. This was the sacred secret of their privacy; they never alluded to it in words, but when all witnesses were far removed from their discourse; and they found in the joys they anticipated, and the plan of secluded and noiseless life they purposed for the future, a topic of conversation that could never be exhausted. Audley fervently protested, that, knowing no other life than this, being, by the infirmity of his constitution, shut out from more active and boisterous scenes, and having learned, from the inhumanity of his father, to detest the sentiments and manners of his species in general, he would never yield to mutability and alteration, would never give ear to any other scheme of existence than that which his heart told him was the only one worthy of his adoption, and would either live for his Amelia, or cease to live at all.

The first person who was induced to remark the nature of the communication going on between Audley and Amelia was a servant maid; and, as this female was of a fretful and malignant temper, to which nothing was so distressing as to see other persons delighted and happy, she did not fail officiously to communicate her observations to Mrs Dorothy. The old lady was astonished; she never could have believed it. It never could have come into her head, that the blood of the Mandevilles could degrade itself by an ill-assorted wedlock. She had indeed allowed herself to doubt, whether her brother, the commodore, had conducted himself with his usual propriety, in matching with the mother of Audley. But, that Audley himself should fix his choice on a degraded branch of his mother's family, a girl without a shilling, and whose father, if he had met with his deserts, would have paid the forfeit of his life to the injured laws of his country,—she

would as soon have thought of the lord of the forest engendering with a serpent, or the eagle with the wren.

After some deliberation however, and having satisfied herself by mute observations that the suggestion was something more than the groundless garrulity of a chamber-maid, she hastened to impart all she knew to the ear of the commodore. The commodore was still more astonished than his sister. His son indeed was the object of his aversion, and he never liked to be reminded of his existence. He regarded him with ineffable contempt, as concentring in his person and habits every thing that the naval hero most emphatically despised. The tale however of Mrs Dorothy, placed poor Audley in a new light in his eyes. He now for the first time confessed to himself, that the eldest son of an ancient and opulent family stood for something. He would have been glad to regard this child of his wrath as a mere

zero; but that he should marry at all, and still more that he should join himself in wedlock to the lowest ignominy and disgrace, for such he regarded the match that was suggested, was indeed a shock he was little able to sustain.

Presently however he recovered himself. "No, no," he exclaimed, "it cannot be. I see how it is. The knave has been playing his waggish tricks with the girl. They have been making a scholar of him; and if scholarship is good for nothing else, it will teach him not to throw himself away like a natural. But this must not be. It is too bad, in one's own house, and among one's own kin. We must send the girl away. If the fool will be sowing his wild oats, he must contrive to do it as his betters did before him, and in a way not to make a noise in the world."

In answer to this harangue, Mrs Dorothy produced to the commodore a copy of verses in Audley's hand-writing, in which

Amelia stood for the object of his devotion, and all the sentiments were expressive of the happiness of a wedded life, however frugal, rustic and obscure, where love spread the board, and a union of hearts sweetened the cup. The commodore, not without difficulty and hesitation, construed the scroll; Mrs Dorothy's annotations were of considerable service; the studies of the naval hero had not laid among the votaries of the Muse. At length however he began to apprehend something, and inclined to the opinion, that all might not be lies, even though the tale was told in verse.

Fury succeeded to scepticism and investigation. He sent to summon this ill-omened son to his presence. This was an incident that scarcely occurred once in a number of years, and it threw poor Audley into a fit of trembling. There was nothing servile and cringing in the temper of the youth; and his tremors did not flow from any infirmity of his intellectual nature, but

from the delicacy of his frame, his total want of experience in the tempests of the world, and the terror which always seized him, when he heard his father's name, and still more when he was placed within the sound of his voice.

"Well, Sir," said the commodore, "here is a pretty story I have heard. Do you know that paper?" throwing down the copy of verses which Mrs Dorothy had introduced to his notice. Audley took them up, and seated himself with the paper in his hand, that he might ruminate on the scene in which he was engaged, and listen with the more convenience to whatever his father should think proper to deliver.

"You are a hopeful youth to think of marrying! Why, are you arrived at these years, and understand nothing of such matters yet? Do not you know, that the marriage of the heir is the most considerable event that can happen in a family like ours?

Have you never heard, that the king is always consulted upon it, and that, if you were left without a father, he would be your guardian, and could give you in marriage to whomever he pleased, without your having the smallest voice in the matter? The power that would be vested in him, if you were an orphan, while I live, is fully in me. Do you think, because I take but little notice of you, and judge it a misfortune to my race that I should have such a son, that I will allow you to run your own course, and be the ruin of our house to the latest posterity?

"I know however how to act in such a case. I shall instantly send away the minx, where you shall never hear of her again as long as you live. I am indeed quite competent to act in the affair; and it is only a mark of my condescension, that I trouble myself to say a word to you about the matter. But I wish, once for all, that you should be thoroughly informed of the na-

ture of the case. As you have once gone wrong, it is fitting you should be put upon your guard, that there may be no danger of your committing such an error a second time. And therefore I now expect, that you will profess your entire contrition for the offence of which you have been guilty, and sign a paper, declaring that you will never think of this Amelia, and that you will never take the remotest step upon the sacred subject of marriage, without having previously obtained my full sanction and concurrence. It is out of my fatherly kindness, that I have taken the pains thus largely to explain the subject to you. I am not used thus to take my child, over whom I hold an absolute and uncontrolable power, into a participation of my counsels; and, I trust, in the present instance I shall see the visible effects of all this condescension and consideration I have had for you."

Audley Mandeville, as I have already said, was one of the most timid and uncon-

cherishes me; when I am sick, she is my nurse; when I am overwhelmed with all the griefs that my state and constitution cast upon me, her smiles are the only thing that make existence supportable. She calms my impatience; she drives away my inward distress by the sweetness of her countenance; her power over me is without a limit. I cannot part with her. She is the pole-star by which I steer through the voyage of life; and if you put out her light, my days and nights to come will be purposeless, and wrapped in everlasting darkness. You have done me no good; you have scarcely at any time troubled yourself with any thing that concerns me; in this, which is every thing to my poor desolate heart, I conjure you let me alone. I will not be awed; I will not be cajoled; nothing shall turn me aside from the part I have chosen for myself. I know not why I speak this; not with the hope to move your inflexible spirit; but I speak it to

lighten my heart. All my paths shall be direct; and the few words I shall utter—few certainly shall I ever address to a father—shall at least be unstained with duplicity and falsehood."

In these artless strains did this poor inexperienced youth pour out his sentiments to his flinty-hearted father. The commodore was inexpressibly astonished at all that he heard. He had not doubted that his son, every thing that he had ever yet known of him being made up of a shrinking and sensitive diffidence, would have felt annihilated, and incapable of uttering a word, before the anger of his father. The commodore had cruelly wasted his great-guns upon him, at the same time that he believed, that the smallest intimation of his pleasure would have deprived Audley of all power of resistance, and that, where he condescended to interfere, the whole question was settled in a moment.

CHAPTER IV.

MEANWHILE, though the commodore was absolute and dictatorial in his temper, he was not at the same time without his wiles. The enemy that he could not conquer by force, he was not indisposed to take in by stratagem. A view had just opened upon him, that he had not in the smallest degree anticipated; and he drew in his fierceness. He had the prudence to stop in his career, and allow himself time to revise his measures. He muttered words of resentment and menace; but what he said was confused and incoherent; and he abruptly ordered the youth from his presence.

All that had passed thus far, had proceeded without impediment or reflection. The commodore no sooner heard the unwelcome information from his sister, than he acted upon it. It was most congenial to his temper to use decisive measures; and, where he thought he could settle a business at once, he did not relish the subjecting himself to protracted trouble. But, before his interview with his son was over, he recollected an appointment that had been made with a distant relation of his late wife, who had undertaken to conduct Audley to London, and initiate him in those scenes of populous and busy life, which were so remarkably contrasted with any thing the youth had yet witnessed. From the scene which had just passed, and the unexpected resoluteness Audley had displayed, the commodore began to think, that whatever steps might be taken for the summary removal of Amelia, it might be more prudent to take in his son's absence. Every thing now

passed in quiet for several days; the commodore's fury seemed to have evaporated itself in threats; and Audley, unskilled in the treachery of the world, suffered himself to be lulled into the same security, as before this explanation had taken place. He thought of his father only at rare intervals; but Amelia was always before him; he was in her presence as often as he pleased; he dreamed of her every night, and in these few days he had advanced whole years in love. The affection that reigned in his bosom, contracted in some nameless way new sweetness, from being now looked upon as a thing forbidden; at the same time that he had so little meditation and calculation for the future, that he lived with his whole soul in the present time, and was contented. To say all in a word, Audley was constitutionally a dreamer; and his day-dreams, as always happens in this disease, moulded themselves in correspondence to the propensity of his mind.

At length the cousin arrived with whom his journey was to be taken. The course of Audley's life had been uniform; and this had infused into him a sort of *vis inertiæ*, a disposition opposite to that of "such as are given to change." When he thought of London as a vision only, the thought was by no means without its attractions; but when the time came that was to turn it into reality, he shrunk instinctively away, and wished the engagement had never been contracted. He could scarcely remember the time when he had slept out of his own bed; the sort of prison-life he led under his father's roof, made him but so much the more completely master of the arrangement of his time; all the little machinery of his studies was about him; but, most of all, he must leave Amelia behind him; and he felt that the whole world would be a blank to him, where she was not present. Amelia however was zealous to press him to the expedition; she declaimed earnestly, but

sweetly, against the supineness and indolence that she saw was growing upon him; she told him, that now was the age at which he ought to store his mind with observations, and make trial of that activity which talents like his required from their possessor. What could not the exhortations of Amelia achieve? He set out on his journey with a heavy and foreboding heart; and when the time of leave-taking came, he seemed to have a melancholy presentiment that he was parting from the idol of his soul for ever.

The stage was now free for the machinations of the old commodore and his sister Dorothy. They had cabaled and counselled together, previously to the departure of Audley; if that can be called counsel, where the veteran seaman laid down the law never to be contradicted, and his obsequious minister applied all the energy and activity of which she was mistress, to carry his mandates into execution. The wing of

Mandeville House in which Audley and the ladies resided, was the very mansion of tranquillity; not so that portion of the building which was occupied by the master. He had for his chosen companions two of his sea-mates that had been disabled in the service,—one that had lost an arm, and another that, from a fracture of the knee-pan, was not able to support himself without a crutch; and their midnight orgies were occasionally turbulent and clamorous. Dorothy and the commodore had agreed, considering the dangerous turn of mind that Audley betrayed, that the only way of putting to rest the question of Amelia, and freeing themselves from all further trouble on the subject, was to marry her; the two gentlemen that dwelt at Mandeville House, both bachelors, presented themselves most conveniently for the purpose; and it was canvassed with all due formality, whether the cripple, or he that was maimed of an arm only, was most eli-

gible for the purpose. The lot at length fell upon Thomson, the cripple; he was completely a man in every dimension; when he sat, or when he stood, there was nothing to object to in his figure; it was only when he moved, that he was deficient. Beside that, he was ten years younger than his companion, having only reached the thirtieth year of his age.

Amelia was in reality far from being that paragon of perfection, which the imagination of her fond lover had painted her. She had a considerable talent for music; she had a soft and flexible temper; lent an accommodating ear to every thing that was said to her, and was not without the power of comprehending to a certain extent the notions of her favourite Audley. She was daily in his society; and perpetual opportunity had increased her capacity of following the peculiar train of his ideas. Add to which, she had an ingenuousness of countenance, which, paradoxical as it may sound,

deluded the spectator; it made him give her credit for more than actually passed in her mind. All together, she was not in all probability the woman that would have fixed Audley's choice, if he had lived in the world, where a number of other candidates would have continually passed before his eyes. But what could be expected? They sang together; they read together; he was her zealous and affectionate preceptor; and love rendered her three times a more improving and promising pupil to him, than she would have been under any other master. In his life he had never seen another female of his own age, with whom he had held even one hour's familiar communication. And it was the characteristic of Audley's mind, that whatever impression was once strongly fixed upon it, was indelible. No time could efface it; no illusions, no machinations, however artful, had power over it; his soul remained for ever faithful to its first predilection; and though

shattered, so to express myself, into a thousand pieces, the image was but multiplied by the violence it received.

The business was now, as we have said, to marry Amelia; and Lieutenant Thomson was fixed upon for the husband. The commodore opened the plan in the first place to his young friend. The two divisions of the family lived in a state of so great separation, that Thomson had scarcely seen Amelia; but he had seen her. The commodore inquired of him, in the first place, how he stood inclined to marriage, and, next, what he thought of the niece of his patron?—to both these questions the answer was encouraging. Amelia was not destitute of the advantages of youth and beauty; and Thomson considered it as no small benefit, to become in some sort a member of the Mandeville family. The commodore spoke of settling him in a comfortable independence, and talked of bestowing one thousand pounds upon his niece as her portion in marriage.

These were considerations that by no means operated to induce the lieutenant to slight the proposal.

"But I must be frank with you, Jack," continued the commodore. "I am your friend; I hope you know that. I will not therefore deceive you; I will tell you the whole truth. This girl has been brought up in my house; she was the niece of my poor wife that is gone; she was the orphan child of a worthless father, and we could do no less; she has been brought up with my son Audley. You know my son Audley; I believe you have seen him; a poor unfortunate being, deformed, and that never had a day's health. He has lived shut up in a band-box; knows no more of the world than a child. He never spoke to a woman in his life but this girl and his own mother; yet this poor wretch has taken it in his head, forsooth, that he must have a wife. Amy, to do her justice, is a likely girl; he has seen her every day, and thinks himself

in love with her. The girl very naturally would have no objection to marry the heir of the Mandeville estate; and so, if we do not mind and look about us, they think to make a match of it.

"I need not tell you, my dear Thomson, that that must not be. The girl is a likely and a good girl; but she is no match for a son of mine. Nor indeed is it my wish that this poor creature should marry at all. He has not the wit to govern himself; he must always be in leading strings; and is there any sense in placing such an object at the head of a great family? His children, I dare swear, would be all such poor helpless creatures as himself. But his brother Henry [my father], whom I have just put into the army, is as likely a young fellow as you shall see on a summer's day. The King himself [James I.], who is an admirer of fine young men, I assure you, took a great deal of notice of him, when he was introduced at court on his appointment: and it is him I

look to for the continuance of the Mandeville family.

"And now I have laid open my heart to you, Jack. You have made the circumnavigation of the globe, and are not a poor ignoramus like this hopeful heir of mine; but (I say it without flattery) must know something of the world. You know that such things as this boy and girl have taken into their heads must not be; but that we, who are older and wiser, must take care and see every thing right. Now then, Thomson, what I ask of you is an act of friendship; and as I have been always kind and faithful to you, I hope you will not deny me; and I assure you, you shall be never the worse for it in the end. It is natural, as I said, that the girl should like to marry the heir, and be at the head of Mandeville estate. But she is a good girl in the main, and will make a good wife. She shall be set right in this freak of hers; I will take care of that. What say you?"

Lieutenant Thomson was a good-hearted, generous young man, and regarded the being serviceable to his friend as the first of human virtues. He had no objection to marriage; he liked the person of Amelia; and he was not displeased with what the commodore had dropped about an establishment and a portion. Thus far his motives were selfish; but it was not a small recommendation of the plan in his eyes, that, in pursuing it, he was to confer an essential benefit on his patron. He entered thoroughly into the ideas that had been stated to him; he was convinced that the heir of a great family ought not to be thrown away upon an unequal marriage; and he saw all that had yet passed between the young people, as an idle and unauthorized fancy, which it became their elders warily to counteract. He answered therefore, that, provided Miss Amelia could be thoroughly cured of this foolish notion of hers, and could approve of him for a husband,

it would give him the greatest pleasure to adopt the commodore's proposal.

The negociation having been thus far successfully conducted, the harder task remained, of reconciling the mind of Amelia to the project. This part of the business was devolved upon Mrs Dorothy. The influence of the commodore was reserved, like that of the descent of a god by the Greek tragedians, as a last resource, to be used only in an embarrassment that nothing but the descent of a god could solve. Mrs Dorothy could reason with her niece; and Amelia would feel herself free, with a person of her own sex, to express her objections. If the commodore had spoken, what he said would of course have been received in silence; and that consent is most to be relied on, and by consequence is most acceptable to the party by whom consent is desired, which is given in words.

Mrs Dorothy took the young lady roundly to task. She first communicated to her

all the observations she had made. Amelia blushed abundantly. She had flattered herself, that whatever had passed between her and Audley, as it had constantly passed in the sacredness of privacy, had been a secret to all but themselves. Maiden modesty always feels the discovery that a partial sentiment has been nourished towards a person of the other sex, with a sensation like guilt.

Mrs Dorothy proceeded to enlarge on the unsuitableness and enormity of such a match. She could not have believed that Amelia, who had been admitted under the roof of Mandeville House out of charity, could have been guilty of so ungrateful and treacherous a return, as that of seducing the heir. It could only be ignorance, that caused her for a moment to harbour the idea of such a union. The laws of England, and of the whole civilized world, rendered the thing impossible. A crowned head might as well be expected to be join-

ed in wedlock to a shepherdess,—a thing that did well enough in a romance, but was not to be found anywhere else. She told her niece the story of the Earl and Countess of Heftford, who lay in separate imprisonment for nine years, in consequence of having contracted an unauthorized marriage, till at length the death of the lady finally restored the Earl to his liberty; to which she added many other anecdotes, which plentifully occur in the instructive annals of Queen Elizabeth. She added, that the commodore had resolved to apply to the government of his country for an interdiction against so disgraceful an act; but that he had kindly allowed her first to try the strength of expostulation with Amelia, before he had recourse to so terrible an expedient. The consequence of the idea being persisted in, and, still more, if the rites of the church were resorted to, to sanction a thing in its own nature so abominable, would be the utter ruin of Aud-

ley. He would undoubtedly be committed for life to a solitary imprisonment, and cut off from every shilling of his inheritance, by a decree of the court of Star-Chamber. Mrs Dorothy here overwhelmed her poor unprotected hearer with an account, altogether unknown before, of the delinquencies of her father, which, as the ancient maiden set them forth, subjected him to the penalty of an ignominious public execution, and cut off his posterity from the possibility of ever becoming mixed with the better orders of society.

This eloquent harangue was finally wound up with an appeal to every generous feeling in the heart of Amelia. The fate of her beloved Audley was placed completely at her disposal. The young man, like all persons brought up with the notion of becoming heirs to a great estate, was headstrong and obstinate, inaccessible to the sober suggestions of reason, and obstinately bent to run on destruction. It was in the

power of Amelia only to save him. By marrying another she would preserve him for ever from the possibility of fatal mischief; while he himself, seeing that there was no hope for him in the pursuit of this destructive scheme, would soon be restored to quiet and self-possession, and would finally, by the innocence of his mind, and the eminent talents with which he was endowed, become a comfort to himself, and an ornament to his family and his country.

The discourse of Mrs Dorothy drowned the fair face of Amelia in tears. A thousand varying emotions contended in her bosom as it proceeded. She saw all the fond hopes with which the sweet music of Audley's voice had inspired her, withered for ever by the pestilential breath of her aunt. The first impulse of her soul however was a generous one. She would never, no never, be a cause of calamity to her cousin. For herself, it did not signify what became of her. She had never thought

herself of much importance in the world; and now, that it was discovered to her that she was at best only a dishonoured branch of a respectable family, her depression was complete. She had never flattered herself to be more than the ivy that might be supported by the nobler stem of her illustrious lover; but that she should injure him, and wither the honours that were so truly his, she could die a thousand deaths rather than endure the idea. She was now altogether worthless and nothing; and let her be sacrificed.

The situation of this generous girl was truly a pitiable one. By the unfeeling contrivances of the commodore and his sister, she was attacked in this point, that was every thing to her, with her only protector at a distance. They did with her what they pleased. They made her believe what they pleased. What chance had she, in a contest with these grey-headed conspirators? The very pith of all they insisted on

was, that whatever measure it was necessary for them to pursue, must be taken without exciting the smallest suspicion in the mind of her beloved admirer.

It was so arranged, that the moment Mrs Dorothy had exhausted the whole artillery of her eloquence upon her niece, the commodore entered the room where they were sitting. This completed the defeat of Amelia. She might have expostulated with her aunt; she might have ventured upon a few timid questions and objections. But the presence and the voice of the commodore struck her dumb. She threw herself at his feet. "Oh, sir," said she, "dispose of me as you please. I grieve for my offence; I intreat you to pardon any confusion and mischief I may have occasioned in your family. I would not for the world be a cause of injury to your son."

The commodore, finding her in this tractable and humble frame of spirit, endeavoured to soothe her. His soothings

were like the softened roarings of a bear murmuring her maternal regard to her cubs. This was a style of address to which his rugged nature was altogether unsuited; he could afford little more than some inarticulate indications of what he meant; and it was incumbent on Amelia, to take the will for the deed.

Whatever remained to be done was speedily effected. Short courtship suited best, with such a marriage as was now in hand. The poor lieutenant was little versed in the temper and manners of the frailer sex; and all that was coldness, and a certain unconquerable horror at the sacrifice Amelia was making, he unsuspectingly set down to maiden coyness and reserve. She was of a nature so gentle and so mild, that she could not deport herself disdainfully to any one. Add to which, Thomson was not of a romantic temper. He knew, that the wedlock he was contracting was not a match of love. He took to wife a

beautiful and amiable young woman, with a handsome portion, and, by so doing, conferred an essential benefit on his patron; and he saw no reason to be discontented with his lot. As to Amelia, the painful duty (for duty she esteemed it) in which she was engaging, she wished to have over as soon as possible. When it was done, and could not be recalled, she hoped she should feel more resigned to her fate. But all the interval was nameless repinings, and horror, and anguish,—a state of mind too terrible long to be endured.

Audley in the mean time had been led away to London. For a few days he was amused with the journey, and the multifarious objects which the metropolis presented to his observation. He saw the king, and the Duke of Buckingham, and Prince Charles. It was at the time that the two latter were just returned from Spain; they were at the height of their short-lived popularity; and the nation overflowed with

gratitude to them, for *not* having brought over the infanta to be their future queen. Audley received a letter from Amelia, full of tenderness and love; and he was delighted. One of the conditions arranged by the old people with his mistress, when they terrified her from her loyalty and her vows, was, that she should receive no more letters from her lover. She admitted that this was best; she knew she could not read the ardent effusions of his unsuspecting soul, in her present state of mind, and live. She even made it her own request, that she might not so much as know when a letter from him was brought. She prescribed to herself for the present the impossible task, of forgetting that he existed. Ah, how little was her acquaintance with the subtlety of love, and how much did she overrate the firmness and resolution of which she was capable!

For Audley, he lived a few days upon her first letter; but it was not long, before

he began to pine for another and another. No second letter ever came to his hand. He wrote under a still increasing anxiety and perturbation of mind. What he wrote contained so ingenuous and unaffected a picture of a beating and a bleeding heart, that even the persons who had conspired the death of all his hopes on this side the grave, began to be moved. The commodore ordered the man of business who was his agent in London, to wait upon his son, and acquaint him with the marriage that had taken place. Audley listened to the man; but he did not understand him. It was as if the fellow had used words, wholly unconnected with the possibility of a meaning. In all the vocabulary of poor Audley, there was no phrase that could express the marriage of Amelia with another.

There was a sensible portion of time in which the mind of the young man remained in this state of stupefaction, and he really could not understand what his visitor

came to announce to him. The posture which succeeded, was that of unbelief, a firm rejection, as of an impudent invention that was sought for some reason or other to be imposed upon him. In sentiment, he relied upon the fidelity of Amelia, as upon the pillars of creation. In reasoning, he knew how possible it was that one should lie; that his father or another should seek to deceive him in this point; but that the tale should be true—was impossible.

He ordered without a moment's pause the quickest mode of conveyance to be provided for him, and he set out for the Mandeville estate. During the journey, his mind was in the greatest agitation. He adhered most constantly and inflexibly to his first conclusions; but from the region of the brain, where thought succeeds thought with such trackless swiftness, he could not wholly shut out ideas of an opposite kind. He reached Mandeville House, fevered, and burnt up with a thousand emo-

tions. He thought only of his cousin; he inquired for no one else. There is something in the supernatural tone of an anxious mind, that awes even the most brutish. The servants dared not speak to him, or answer his questions; they could only tell him that Miss Montfort was not there. He hastened to her apartment;—all was silent and deserted, and spoke death to his spirit. Nothing appeared, as it used to appear. Her bed looked as if it had not lately been occupied; her books and her desk were gone; he saw only the virginals [harpsichord] with which she had been accustomed to soothe his cares. He called for his father; but the habitual temperature of both was reversed; the commodore had seen him unseen as he passed along the gallery, had marked the wildness of his eye, and the vehemence of his gestures, and had not the courage to approach him.

The fatigue of mind and body which Audley had undergone, was a thing to

the inheritance upon my father, Audley's younger brother. My father however always steadily opposed the project. Whether, in spite of this opposition, it would have been effected if the commodore had lived, I cannot determine. An accident however, the consequence of inebriety, cut him off, shortly after the events of which I am speaking. Another chance happened in no long time following, which completed the tragedy. Amelia died in childbed of her first child, and the infant did not survive her. Thus every thing was wound up with Audley at once. He was left uncontroled, the master of himself and of an ample fortune, with no other disadvantage, than that he totally wanted the spirit to enjoy the one, or to use the other. This was the state of mind in my unfortunate kinsman, which solves the riddle that occurred, and shows why, being the lineal representative of an opulent family, and proprietor of four or five splendid and delicious mansions in different

counties of England, he was induced to choose the most uninviting of them all, and to live in it in so obscure and unlordly a style.

My uncle had felt much regard for my father,—as much as was compatible with the peculiar turn his mind had taken; which was to dwell for ever on one event, to consider that in relation to himself as the only reality, and scarcely to bestow so much regard on every thing that existed in the world beside, as an ordinary human creature would bestow upon the shadows of a magic lanthorn. Years rolled over the head of this unfortunate man in vain. While he was young, the amiable object of his early love was all that interested him on earth; and, as he grew older, habit produced upon him the same effect, which had at first been the child of passion. He loved his sadness, for it had become a part of himself. All his motions had for so long a time been languid, that, if he had been excited in any

instance to make them otherwise, he would scarcely have recognized his own identity. He found a nameless pleasure in the appendages and forms of melancholy, so great, that he would as soon have consented to cut off his right hand, as to part with them. In reality he rather vegetated than lived; and he had persisted so long in this passive mode of existence, that there was not nerve and spring enough left in him, to enable him to sustain any other.

My uncle felt a marked kindness for me for my father's sake. Though fortune was of no value to this victim of sorrow, yet he could not help being conscious that his brother's conduct had been peculiarly honourable, when he refused to concur in the commodore's plan for disinheriting his eldest son, and rather chose to expose himself to his severest displeasure, than aid in the injuring a person so near to himself, so inoffensive in his manners, and who had in himself no powers of defence against the medi-

tated wrong. My uncle therefore received me with kindness, and immediately appointed for me and Mr Bradford, who was prevailed on to become my tutor, an apartment in his house. Beside the individuals of the family I have already named, I had also a sister; but she for the present resided with her mother's relations.

CHAPTER V.

I was too young in years when I entered my uncle's mansion, to have a clear notion of what were the first impressions I received there. I remember only the silence, the monotony, and the gloom, that pervaded it. My uncle had his apartments; and I and my tutor had ours. It was a general rule through the house, that no one was to intrude himself on the master uncalled for. If by any rare accident I came within sight of him unexpectedly, I was instructed to hide myself, to steal away with cautious steps, and to do nothing that might excite observation. My education was

grave and sad; but if the restlessness of boyish years chanced at any time to awake me to a gayer tone, the sight of my uncle checked my buoyant spirits at once, my countenance fell, and my thoughts became solemn. No emotion however of aversion or dislike ever accompanied this. A harsh word never fell from his lips; an angry tone never escaped him. The only expression of displeasure of which he seemed capable, was some gesture showing that he suffered and was distressed, but always without any token of resentment, or word of reproof. I thought therefore of my uncle with awe, never with fear. I saw in him a mysterious being exciting my wonder, and in whom I was ever most unwilling to occasion displeasure; but at the same time a being incapable of inflicting the smallest mischief. It is strange, but from my own experience I can aver it to be true, that this silent, inoffensive, and mournful carriage, rendered it a thousand times more

impossible for me ever to forget the attention that was due to him, than the fiercest tones and the most passionate demeanour could have established in my mind.

Still my uncle was not so altogether dead to all that passed around him, but that he considered himself as my natural guardian, and held it his duty that at certain intervals I should be summoned to his presence. These intervals gradually settled themselves into a distance of one month from each other. On the first Sunday in every month I looked to visit his apartment. I was conducted thither by my tutor, and generally received from him before we set out, an admonition as to the behaviour it would be proper for me to observe. Our visit seldom lasted more than two minutes, and was always attended with a small donation, which to my youthful mind associated it with ideas of pleasure. My reverend preceptor, who knew his cue, constantly said something, without being asked, upon the topic

of my proficiency. The good man however, who displayed surprising powers of copiousness and amplification on all other occasions, seemed at these times like one rigidly formed in the discipline of Lycurgus. My uncle I am sure would have expired on the spot under one of the ordinary homilies of Hilkiah. Commonly, when approached, my uncle held out his hand to receive me. Sometimes he would withdraw the hand already held out, as if the touch of hand to hand had something too much of life in it for him to be able to endure, and would take hold of my coat. I have known him lay his hand upon my head; but for him to kiss me, or seat me on his knee, was impossible. That would have been utterly in contradiction with the unenterprising apathy that constituted his existence.

I was my uncle's only visitor, and my visits were uniformly such as I have described. He would no doubt have preferred receiving me alone, had he not feared, that

the thoughtlessness of my years might sometimes make me overstep the limits of quietism which he found necessary, and that the restraint of my tutor's presence might be requisite. Beside, that in receiving us together, he considered himself as discharging two duties, extending towards me the notice of a parent, and giving encouragement to my preceptor in the exercise of his functions. But it is not to be conceived to what a degree my uncle found these visits exhausting to his spirits. He continued indeed inflexible in the resolution to go through this painful duty; but he was sometimes obliged to defer the visit for several days, before he could summon up energy and firmness enough to receive us.

The precautions of my uncle against the turbulent and boisterous spirits he anticipated in a boy, were scarcely necessary in my instance. I never was a boy. It will easily be supposed from the description I

have given of the house and its neighbourhood, that I did not meet with many occasions to excite my hilarity. The entire household, as always happens to a certain degree in the mansion of an opulent country-gentleman, were moulded after the fashion of their master. You might have thought yourself in the monastery of La Trappe, or the withdrawing-room prepared to receive those who had visited the cave of Trophonius. To an observer of a satirical and biting vein, which was not my case, it would have appeared a ludicrous spectacle to see how every one, from the steward down to the scullion, seemed to ape the manners of the master. They had all and severally a solemn countenance, and a slow and measured step. When you spoke to them, they seemed to hesitate whether they should answer you; and if the final decision was in your favour, the answer was framed by the most concise and sententious model. Mr Bradford formed the

only exception to this rule. He was of importance enough in his own eyes, to make it unbecoming that he should shrink into the mere imitator of another. Except in the presence of his patron, as I have already stated, he had therefore a great deal to say for himself. It will presently be seen, how far his discourses are to be considered as discordant with the general tone of this silent mansion.

The sort of intercourse in which I thus lived with my fellow-beings, formed me early to a habit of reverie. I delighted to wander; but I was not delighted with objects of cheerfulness. It will already have been seen, that I was not often intruded on with impressions of this sort. I loved a hazy day, better than a sunshiny one. My organs of vision, or the march of my spirits, gave me an aversion to whatever was dazzling and gaudy. I loved to listen to the pattering of the rain, the roaring of the waves, and the pelting of the

storm. There was I know not what in the sight of a bare and sullen heath, that afforded me a much more cherished pleasure, than I could ever find in the view of the most exuberant fertility, or the richest and most vivid parterre. Perhaps all this proves me to be a monster, not formed with the feelings of human nature, and unworthy to live. I cannot help it. The purpose of these pages is, to be made the record of truth.

One thing is particularly worthy of observation in this place. It is strange, young as I was, how the scenes which immediately preceded my quitting the shores of Ireland, lived in my mind. I thought of them by day; I dreamed of them by night. No doubt, the silence which for the most part pervaded my present residence, contributed to this. All was monotonous, and composed, and eventless here; all that I remembered there, had been tumultuous, and tragic, and distracting, and wild. I

saw in my dreams—but indeed my days, particularly that part of them which was passed in wandering alone upon the heath, were occupied to a great degree in visionary scenes—I saw, I say, in my dreams, whether by night or by day, a perpetual succession of flight, and pursuit, and anguish, and murder. I saw the agonising and deploring countenances of Protestants, and the brutal and infuriated features of the triumphant Papist. I recollected distinctly the expiring bodies I had beheld along the road-side in my flight, some perishing with hunger and cold, and some writhing under the mortal wounds and tortures that had been inflicted by their pursuers. All this of course came mixed up, to my recollection, with incidents that I had never seen, but which had not failed to be circumstantially related to me. It would indeed have been difficult for me to have made a separation of the two; what I had heard, had been so fully detailed to me,

and had made such an impression upon my juvenile fancy, that it stood out not less distinctly pictured to my thoughts, than if I had actually seen it. This was all the world to me. I had hardly a notion of any more than two species of creatures on the earth,—the persecutor and his victim, the Papist and the Protestant; and they were to my thoughts like two great classes of animal nature, the one, the law of whose being it was to devour, while it was the unfortunate destiny of the other to be mangled and torn to pieces by him.

It is now necessary that I should introduce my reader to a more intimate acquaintance with the reverend Hilkiah Bradford, the instructor of my youth. His figure was tall and emaciated; his complexion was of a yellowish brown, without the least tincture of vermillion, and was furrowed with the cares of study, and the still more earnest cares of devotion; his clothes were of the cut that was worn about

forty years before; and his head was always decorated with a small velvet skull-cap, which set close to the shape, and beyond which the hair, though itself kept short, protruded above, below, and all around. His gait was saintly and solemn. He conformed himself not at all to the celebrated maxim of Plato, of "sacrificing to the Graces." He went on directly to the great end of his calling, his duty to his Heavenly Father, without ever condescending to think how his manner might impress, favourably or unfavourably, his fellow-mortals, mere "earth and worms." He was, as I find it expressed by an eminent historian,* speaking of an individual who seems to have had a striking resemblance to my tutor, "a person cynical and hirsute, shiftless in the world, yet absolutely free from covetousness, and I dare say from pride." Like that person also,

* Wood, Athenæ Oxonienses, Vol. II. col. 671.

he seemed to have a peculiar vocation for, and delight in, the instruction of youth. In this occupation, he laid aside that bluntness that accompanied him upon other occasions; and if he was not critically persuasive, yet there was something so unequivocally zealous and affectionate in his manner, as answered all the purposes of persuasion.

He was familiarly conversant with the Greek and Latin languages, and with poetry; yet he did not disdain to commence with me in the first rudiments of infant learning, and gradually and gently led me on, from the knowledge of the alphabet, and the union of two letters in a syllable, to an acquaintance with many of the sweetest and the sublimest monuments of ancient lore. In these respects I found myself most fortunate under his guidance;—yet I must own that he did not receive exactly the same sensations from Ovid and Virgil that I did. He had a clear appre-

hension of their grammatical construction; but he was not electrified, as I often was, with their beauties. The parts in which he most seemed to delight, were those, in which these poets bore the most resemblance to certain passages of sacred writ; so that, as Mr Bradford persuaded himself to believe, they must have had some undiscovered access to the fountains of inspired wisdom. He found the Mosaic account of the creation in the commencement of the Metamorphoses, and the universal deluge in Deucalion's flood. But, above all, he was struck with the profoundest admiration in reading the Pollio of Virgil; he saw in it clearly a translation of the inspired raptures of the prophet Isaiah foretelling the coming of the Messiah; and he exclaimed, as he went on, with a delight, a thousand times repeated, and never to be controled, "Almost thou persuadest me that thou art a Christian!"

The gloominess of my character might

have made me an unpleasing or unpromising pupil to many instructors, but not so to the reverend Hilkiah. In the premature gravity of my features he read a vocation to the crown of martyrdom, if such should be the fortune of the Protestant church in our time as to demand of its faithful adherents the sealing their sincerity with their blood: and, as my tutor regarded light laughter, and merriment, and the frolics of youth, as indications of the sons of Belial and heirs of destruction, he hailed with proportionable delight my inflexible seriousness as the token of a happier destination. Nor did I fail to entertain a regard for my preceptor, fully correspondent to that by which he was animated towards me. I saw the singleness and simplicity of his heart; I felt his entire innocence of those tricks, and that hollow and hypocritical personation of an assumed part, which, with young persons of any discernment, so early introduces an opposition of interests,

and a trial of skill between the master and scholar, which shall prove himself the most successful deceiver. My preceptor never treated me like a child; he considered me as a joint candidate with himself for the approbation of the Almighty in a future state; and this habit of thinking is calculated, probably beyond any other (when sincerely cultivated), to level all distinctions between the rich and the poor, the young and the old, and to introduce a practical equality among the individuals of the human race.

This just and upright man had all his passions subdued under the control of his understanding: there was but one subject, that, whenever it occurred, inflamed his blood, and made his eye sparkle with primitive and apostolic fury; and that was, the corruption of evangelical truth, and the grand apostacy foretold to us in the Scriptures. In a word, the spring and main movement of his religious zeal lay in this

proposition, "that the Pope is Antichrist." I was well prepared to be a ready hearer of this doctrine: for, had not my father and my mother fallen untimely victims under the daggers of Irish Catholics? He was, if I may so express myself, the more like one possessed in speaking on this topic, for he claimed to be collaterally descended from John Bradford, the famous martyr in the reign of Queen Mary,—a man who, in the flower of his life, defied all the torments of fire for the sake of Jesus, and who scorned to purchase the clemency of his persecutors, by an engagement in the smallest degree to remit his exertions to convert his fellow-creatures from the errors of Popery.

Mr Bradford took care, that I should be early initiated in the main topics of controversy between the church of England and the church of Rome. Idolatry—this was the first and favourite subject of charge against the professors of Popery. The first of the ten commandments, the basis of

made partakers with the heirs of light:"— in fine, that every one who died unreclaimed from the errors of Popery, would be the object of God's wrath and condemnation in a future world.

Mr Bradford was particularly shocked with the unbounded usurpations and arbitrary power of the church of Rome. He found in her the "beast with seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of Blasphemy." Under another figure she was typified by the "woman, arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, that sat upon this beast, drunk with the blood of the saints and the martyrs, and having a golden cup in her hand, from which she made all nations, and all the kings of the earth, drunk with the wine of her fornications." "How unlike was all this," exclaimed my preceptor, "to the simplicity of the divine author of our religion, who declared that his kingdom was not of this world,' and

who, while on earth, had not 'where to lay his head!' The Popes on the other hand claimed, that 'whatsoever they bound on earth should be bound in heaven, and whatsoever they loosed on earth should be loosed in heaven.' They usurped the power of giving away crowns, and setting up and deposing kings, and in the height of their intoxication set their foot upon the neck of emperors. There was no end to their pride, their pomp, and their temporal magnificence. They claimed the whole wealth of the world as theirs. They, 'as God, seated themselves in the temple of God, showing themselves that they were God.'"

My preceptor was further revolted at the sanguinary character of the church of Rome. She put the dagger into the hands of her votaries, and caused them to commit innumerable massacres. Assassination was one of her favourite means for achieving her purposes. He loved to expatiate upon the

examples of Balthasar Gerard, Clement, and Ravaillac, beside others with whose stories he was accurately furnished. The Gunpowder Plot, if it had been completed as it had been designed, would have exceeded all these in horror. The cruelties of the Inquisition furnished also a copious field of declamation to Mr Bradford. To these he added the wholesale extermination of the unresisting Albigenses and Waldenses. The idea of burning a man alive for his opinions, was the most infernal, that cruelty had ever devised. No bigotry perhaps could persuade its adherent, that a man attached even to death to the religious opinions he had formed, was a criminal, in the same sense as a murderer, or a robber, a man who broke through all the restraints of morality, or violated all the securities of society, that he might indulge in depravity and excesses. The unfortunate victim of the law against heretics, was usually a man of exemplary moral habits, and who sacri-

ficed every baser and sensual inticement to the dictates of his conscience. He was therefore, if erroneous, rather an object of pity, than of ferocious vengeance. Mr Bradford usually wound up his argument on this particular head, with the favourite maxim of the most liberal at the time of which I am speaking,—that all sects and every denomination of creed were entitled to toleration, except the Papist, who obstinately refused, when in power, to grant toleration to those that differed from him, and who therefore deserved that the "measure which he dispensed, should be rigorously measured to him again."

But if Mr Bradford regarded the whole church of Rome with horror, and all her members as obnoxious to the pains of eternal damnation, the Popish priesthood,

eremits and friers,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,

were particularly the objects of his aver-

sion. He considered the craft of Popery as calculated with infernal subtlety, to enslave the minds, and subjugate the understandings of all its lay-adherents. The celibacy of her clergy had the immediate effect of creating a vast body of men, dispersed in all kingdoms, provinces, parishes of the Christian world, with few considerations to bind them to their particular country or neighbourhood, and who therefore to an astonishing degree formed part of the wheels and pins of the vast mechanism, by which the conclave of Rome undertook to control the civilized world. By means of her dignitaries, she did not fail to superintend the education of all persons of royal or elevated birth, and to have some of her clergy admitted to political offices, and possessing the secrets of all cabinets. Auricular confession, and the sacrament of absolution, was a stupendous device for subjecting the consciences of all, men, women and children, to her despotic authority.

The doctrine of indulgences, dispensations, and pardons for sin, to be issued from the Papal chamber, strongly inforced this, and brought vast sums of money into the disposal of the Visible Head of the church. The first encouraging men to sin by the hopes of forgiveness, and then granting them absolution, was a nice game, by which the power of the clergy over their illiterate followers was increased to an incalculable degree. The doctrine of purgatory, and of masses for the dead, was another admirable machine, for raising to the utmost height the power of the church. Every man who was anxious for his state in the future world, could not fail to feel strongly excited, to appropriate a part of his possessions for the delivery of his soul; and every child or heir to an estate would be influenced by the same motive, whether out of affection to his predecessor, or from ostentation, that he might appear to have that grace of piety and natural affection, to which he was real-

ly a stranger. The vast armies of monks, nuns and friars, with their mitred abbeys and convents of all sorts, were another great reinforcement to the church of Rōme, and, by forming a part of the national manners of the different countries in which they were established, seemed to afford a security to the church, that could never be overturned. Neither did my preceptor fail to be furnished with a copious collection of the frauds of the clergy, by which they seemed arrogantly to insult the understandings of mankind, from the holy house of Loretto, and the transformation of the bread and wine in the sacrament into the body and blood of Christ, to the relics of the saints, and the milk of the virgin exhibited in a thousand churches. Thus insolently were the best energies of our nature trampled on by a set of hardened impostors; and the flock of Christ (for such they ought to have been found) cajoled and terrified out of the use of their own eyes and their

own judgments, at the same time that, by the mortal sin of idolatry, they were made to consign themselves over to eternal damnation.

Mr Bradford was singularly delighted with those tremendous stories which are to be found in the history of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, particularly relating to the eminent confessors, Patrick Hamilton, and George Wishart. Hamilton, a young man of noble birth and extraordinary talents, was betrayed to the stake by Alexander Campbell, prior of the Dominicans, who, under the cloak of friendship and a desire to be better instructed, extorted from him a full confession of his sentiments, and then accused him before Chancellor Beaton, primate of Scotland. Far from relenting at the tragic catastrophe thus treacherously occasioned, Campbell was present at the execution, and still insulted Hamilton at the stake; when the martyr, seized with a prophetic afflatus, turned to-

wards his tormentor, reproached him with his faithlessness and his hypocritical professions of favour to the principles of the Reform, and then, with a solemn and awe-striking accent, cited him to answer this within forty days, before the judgment-seat of Christ. The consequences were memorable. Campbell is related to have been immediately seized with a supernatural horror, which he was by no means able to shake off, to have declined shortly into an incurable frenzy, and presently after to have died, to the terror of every beholder.

The concluding scene of the life of Wishart is not less impressive. He was condemned to be burned alive by the sentence of Cardinal Beaton, nephew and successor to him who had tried Hamilton; and the cardinal had the inhumanity to cause a gallery to be prepared in his castle of St Andrews, with tapestry, silk hangings, and cushions of velvet, that he might gratify himself with beholding the execution. But,

while a priest appointed for that purpose exhorted Wishart, now surrounded with flames, to repent of his heresies, and ask pardon of the Almighty, the victim imperiously commanded him to be silent, adding, "This fire occasions trouble to my body indeed, but it has in no wise broken my spirit; but he who now looks down so proudly upon me from yonder place, (pointing to the cardinal), within a few days shall be as ignominiously thrown down from it, as he now proudly reposes himself there." All which was punctually fulfilled. A courtier, to whom the cardinal had refused a boon which he earnestly solicited, in revenge assassinated the prelate in his bedchamber, and threw his dead body into the streets, from the very balcony which he had shortly before occupied at the execution of this holy martyr.

My preceptor was profoundly addicted to cabalistical divinity, and especially to that branch of this science which he deem-

ed applicable to the church of Rome. He was particularly gravelled with that triumphant argument of the Catholics, built upon the concluding promise of our Saviour to his church, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world," and the insulting tone with which her votaries demanded of the Protestant, What becomes of this promise, if, as you say, the visible church of Christ for more than a thousand years has been universally plunged in damnable error, so as to deserve to have applied to her the description of "Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth?" Against this attack Mr Bradford had no other resource, than an attempt to trace in ecclesiastical history, the "two witnesses clothed in sackcloth, that were to prophecy one thousand two hundred and sixty days;" and to show that, in the intervals of greatest darkness and most universal apostacy, God "had yet reserved to himself seven thou-

sand men, who had not bowed the knee to the image of Baal." But the study to which the reverend Hilkiah most indefatigably applied himself, was the "number of the beast, which is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and sixty-six." This he had turned in a thousand ways; he had tried it in arithmetic; he had essayed it in anagram; every way it afforded him conclusions, that seemed to point at the latitude of Rome. Still my preceptor had a secret misgiving, that he had not arrived at the right solution. We were at one time not without some apprehension, that, by the severity of this inquiry, his wits would have been unsettled, and that he would have been rendered a qualified candidate for the cells of Bedlam.

A book that my preceptor particularly recommended to my attention, was Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Church; nor did I need much persuasion to a study, to which my temper inclined me, and which

occasions that sort of tingling and horror, that is particularly inviting to young persons of a serious disposition. In this tremendous volume the engravings eminently help to inforce the dead letter of the text. The representation of all imaginable cruelties, racks, pincers and red-hot irons, cruel mockings and scourgings, flaying alive, with every other tormenting method of destruction, combined with my deep conviction that the beings thus treated, were God's peculiar favourites, the ornaments of the earth, the boast and miracle of our mortal nature, men "of whom the world was not worthy,"—produced a strange confusion and horror in my modes of thinking, that kept me awake whole nights, that drove the colour from my cheeks, and made me wander like a meagre, unlaid ghost, to the wonder and alarm of the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants of my uncle's house.

CHAPTER VI.

In advancing thus far, I have, for the sake of presenting in one view ideas of a particular kind, outrun the course of my narrative, and must now return to bring up some smaller anecdotes of my early years, which, by this method of arranging my materials, have been put somewhat out of their place. Amidst the dreary uniformity of my uncle's residence, every arrival of a stranger was hailed, like a festival day in a school-boy's almanack. It promised some novelty: it was solemnly announced; and with no less effect, than when the pedant, from his eminence apart, " and in his own

dimension like himself," makes proclamation of a holiday. Though I was of a gloomy and saturnine cast, it is not to be understood that my heart did not beat, and my blood did not tingle, like those of my fellow-creatures. There was this difference between me and my uncle, though in the gravity of our dispositions we considerably resembled each other. To judge from appearances at least, he desired no novelty, or none of an extrinsic sort, and shrunk from all disturbance. He was used up as to the views and prospects of life, and cherished hope in his bosom no longer. Not such was the condition of my existence. I hoped for, and I dreamed of, pleasures yet untasted. I was no friend to light laughter and merriment; but my heart was susceptible of attention and curiosity; and the novelties that presented themselves to my senses I was well disposed to investigate. The world to me was yet in its nonage,—had all the freshness and vigour of youth; I

had much to see, much to learn, much to make trial of, and much to taste. I felt like one for whom adventures and great events are reserved, and, as we find it expressed in the common story-books, who is "to go out, and seek his fortune." When the arrival of a stranger was announced, I felt again and again a sort of prophetic anticipation, This may be to me the eventful moment, big with a thousand causes of admiration.

Many a stranger arrived at our postern, who, to the nicety of a critic in language, would have been a stranger no longer. But it was not so to me. The very butcher who came once a week to bring us provisions, did not, even by the unvaried regularity of his approaches, altogether divest himself of the grace of novelty. The chimney-sweeper was another of those rare phenomena, who, by the repulsiveness of his sable hue, and the cry by which he proclaimed that he had reached his unen-

vied height, communicated some sensation to my childish organs. But the visitor dearest to my youthful curiosity, was the pedlar. Pedestrian as he was, the pack which he bore on his shoulders, displayed, when unfolded, a multiplicity of temptations to expence that was truly astonishing. Besides gloves, and stockings, and handkerchiefs, and ribbands, and linens, and stuffs, for the men and the maidens, I generally found among his treasures some toys, or implements of childish industry, upon which I did not fail to set an immeasurable value. The vender himself was ordinarily a Jew, and was in my eyes the greatest curiosity in his whole collection. I watched his physiognomy with sly and sensitive vigilance. I asked him questions about himself, his travels, his language, and his countrymen, and not only gained information that furnished to me a copious field for fancy and rumination, but found also considerable entertainment in his jargon, and

the uncouth accent and articulation with which he delivered his answers.

I have already done full justice to the virtues of my preceptor; I have shown my esteem for him, and the ascendancy he possessed over my mind. In matters of opinion that was complete. I was convinced of his integrity; I admired his intellectual powers; I was lost in astonishment at the greatness of his attainments. I was conscious of the limited sphere of my own knowledge; I distrusted my judgment; I looked up to him as an oracle. Such is the natural indolence of the majority of human minds; we love to have some one at hand, upon whose decision, in questions of truth and falsehood, of good and erroneous taste, of prudence or the contrary, we can rely, and thus save ourselves from the fatigue of investigation, and, as we fondly hope, from the dangers of being misled and erroneous.

Most men, after this ample confession,

which is the indefeasible adjunct of an honourable mind.

It must be admitted that I was not at this time uncharacterized by a certain loftiness of mind and disdainfulness of spirit. Whether these features were consistent with the purity of a gospel religion, I must leave to the casuists. No doubt this frame of soul in me was rendered somewhat more palpable and systematical, by the habitual gravity of my character. By that gay and frolicsome mood which is for the most part incident to our early years, it would in some degree have been smoothed down; and, amidst the bursts and sallies of a buoyant spirit, I should often have forgotten my self-respect, and dismissed the idea of my own importance. But to the uniform sedateness, not to say sadness of temper, which characterized me, this self-oblivion was more difficult. I was proud, because I felt my value. I was conscious that my intellectual powers far exceeded the common rate; I

was not unaware of the quickness of my apprehension, and the clearness and subtlety with which I distinguished the differences of things; I felt ambition, and the secret anticipation of a high destiny, which subsequent calamities have at length succeeded to extinguish within me; I felt the ardour and generosity of my spirit, which, as I believed, made me capable of great things; I felt an inborn pride of soul, which, like an insurmountable barrier, seemed to cut me off for ever from every thing mean, despicable and little. My bosom was fraught with that principle which Pythagoras so emphatically recommends to his pupils, of self-reverence,—a determination of mind by which he who has it, is irresistibly impelled to reject whatever might stain the integrity of his spirit, or oblige him to part in any degree with the approbation of his own heart. When my preceptor, with that primeval simplicity and innocence for which he was so remarkable, pointed to the beggar-

boy or the scullion, and bid me ask myself, What was I better than they? I perceived my soul revolt from the ignoble comparison, and believed I must dismiss all the discernment with which my reason inspired me, before I could subscribe to the humiliating conclusions which he called on me to draw. It is not impossible that my birth and fortune, my being heir to the honourable name and opulent property of Mandeville, contributed their share to the disdain with which my bosom swelled against Mr Bradford's insinuations.

One of Hilkiah's whims was, that in order to subdue the carnal pride of an unregenerate nature, it was good for me to be called occasionally to the exercise of those vulgar offices, which in the houses of people of family are ordinarily reserved for menials. Why should not I brush my own clothes, or black my own shoes? The Saviour of the world condescended to wash his disciples' feet; and the pope (though this was no re-

commendation to my preceptor) has his anniversary, when he observes the same ceremony to this day. To the evangelical motives for this discipline, Hilkiah added others drawn from the stores of philosophy. Nothing could be more precarious than the favours of fortune; and, if I might some day fall into the situation of being obliged to subsist by the exertions of my own industry, why should I not now, in the pliant years of youth, anticipate this necessity? I was a man, before I was a gentleman; it was good therefore, that I should not be wholly ignorant of the true condition of man on this sublunary stage, that I should be somewhat acquainted with his plain and genuine state, and not only with the refinements of artificial society. We lived in the midst of the confusions of a civil war; who could tell at what point all this violence might terminate? As the presbyterian had subdued the episcopalian, and the independent the presbyterian, might not the fifth

monarchy-man finally get the start of all, and level the proud fortunes of the noble and the gentleman with the dust? Was it not good to be prepared for these changes? The most enviable character that could fall to the lot of man, was independence; this was the goal, however mistakingly pursued, which men aspired to, when they sought after wealth, and "joined house to house, and field to field," with insatiable greediness. But the man of true independence is he that suffices to himself, and stands in no need of another. And this doctrine my preceptor illustrated by the known story of Diogenes, who, when he was told that Menas, his slave, had turned runaway, exclaimed, "Aha! can Menas do without Diogenes, and cannot Diogenes do without Menas?"

It may seem but a childish tale; but I cannot express with what loathings I was seized, when I was called upon to put in practice this lesson of humility. I remem-

ber an occasion when it was necessary to remove some logs of wood from one side of the farm-yard, the only creditable and well arranged appendage to our mansion, to another side. This appeared to my preceptor a desirable opportunity for the practical illustration of his lessons. I was yet a mere urchin ; and the task assigned me was considerately apportioned to my strength. —After all, this was certainly an injudicious mode of inforcing moral truth. An accountable and voluntary being cannot be made better, but by enlightening his understanding. Morality has nothing to do, but with actions chosen by their performers. Where there is absolute command on one side, and unconditional submission on the other, a useful result as to external circumstances may be achieved ; but there cannot be a particle of good moral sense implanted by what is thus done under the bare influence of authority.

No doubt I was a proud creature; and,

as I have already said, I never was a boy. As I did not appear born to feel the hard hand of necessity, I expected to bend only to my own will, and to consult my own judgment, in every thing I did. I understood something of the importance of lessons, and I willingly complied in whatever related to that point. I was desirous of possessing all the advantages of education, and all the information that falls to the lot of an ingenuous youth, destined to fill an honourable station in life. And lessons, a progress to be made in languages or in science, possess all the character of a system of mechanism, and accordingly are as readily submitted to, as the order of our meals, or the putting on of our clothes. It is principally where the caprice of him who has authority shows itself, where the wand of command is exhibited in abrupt nakedness, that the heart of the proud one revolts. Whatever proceeds in unvaried uniformity, or in stated and regular progression, we

subscribe to without a murmur. What is thus prescribed, we acknowledge to be intended for our benefit; and the reason of the thing having once been known, or supposed to be known, we continue to act upon that reason, without insisting that it should be submitted to an examination perpetually to be repeated. But when Mr Bradford, no longer seated in the chair of the pedagogue, issued his imperious mandates of Go there, or Do this, whenever what he required related not to my abstract advantage, but to the common usefulness of life, my spirit refused to submit; I felt convinced that I was treated in a manner unbecoming and unjust; and, my neck never having been bowed to the condition of a slave, my whole soul revolted at the usurpation. Hilkiah saw something, but imperfectly, of the state of my mind on these occasions; but, instead of modifying and adapting his proceedings to my tone of feeling, he took the contrary course. He

held it for " stuff of the conscience," that he should subdue my refractoriness, and bring down a stubbornness of soul, so opposite, as he imagined, to the temper of a true Christian. Alas, good man, he little understood the tendency and nature of the task he had undertaken! My pride was not perhaps so great, that it would not have yielded to severe calamity, or to ferocious and unmitigated tyranny: I cannot tell. But there was no power that could be exercised by Hilkiah, who was a man substantially of a gentle temper, and under the roof of my nearest relation, that had any chance of rendering him victorious in this contest. I submitted indeed outwardly, for my nature did not prompt me to scenes of violence; but I retained the principle of rebellion entire, shut up in the chamber of my thoughts. If at any time I manifested tardiness, (and how could it be otherwise, when the soul was averse?) this called down from my preceptor a bitterness of re-

mark, or a dryness of irony, that filled my bosom with tumults, and was calculated to make me understand something of the temper of a fiend. Hilkiah, as I have said felt disposed to multiply his experiments in proportion as he found me restive. And it grieves me to confess that this ill-contrived and senseless proceeding, at length drove me into a rooted aversion of heart from this good man, to whose industry and care I owed so much, and the purity and zeal of whose intentions entitled him still more to my regard. It was Hilkiah, that first made me acquainted with the unsavouriness of an embittered soul. From time to time he filled all my thoughts with malignity. I can scarcely describe the frame of my temper towards him. I would not have hurt him; but I muttered harsh resentment against him in sounds scarcely articulate; and I came to regard him as my evil genius, poisoning my cup of life, thwarting my most innocent sallies, watching with a

jaundiced eye for faults in me which my heart did not recognize, and blasting that sweet complacency, in which a virtuous mind is delighted to plunge itself and to play.

I said little; but this circumstance only deepened the effect on my mind. "Give sorrow words," says the great master of the human soul. Whatever sentiment finds its way to the lips, and vents its energies through the medium of language, by that means finds relief. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and we feel satisfied, if we have told, even to the desert air, but much more in the hearing of an intelligent creature, the story of our griefs. But my silent nature was an ever-living and incessant curse to me. My displeasures brooded, and heated, and inflamed themselves, at the bottom of my soul, and finding no vent, shook so my single frame of man, like to an earthquake.

I know there are rugged and brutal na-

tures, who would interrupt me here, and cry out, that there is an easy remedy for all this. The boy whose thoughts are here described, was too much indulged; an effusion of wholsome severity would soon have dispersed these clouds of the mind, and have caused him to know, that there was nothing but ground for congratulation, where he found so much occasion for complaint. And let these brutal natures go on in the exercise of their favourite discipline! There will always be crosses, and opposition, and mortifications enough in the march of human life, from the very principles upon which society is built, and from the impatience our imperfect nature is too apt to conceive, of the imputed untowardness and absurd judgments, of those that are placed under our control. But let those of happier spirit know, that this imperious discipline is not the wholsome element of the expanding mind, and that the attempt to correct the mistaken judgments of the

young by violent and summary dealing, can never be the true method of fostering a generous nature; in a word, that to make the child a forlorn and pitiable slave, can never be the way to make the man worthy of freedom, and capable of drawing the noblest use from it!

I have said that I was habitually a visionary. My visions were frequently of long duration, and branched out into a variety of minuter circumstances. In these moods I sometimes imagined that every thing around me was engaged in a conspiracy against me, that I was, in some inexplicable way, a captive, whose genuine destiny led to higher things, but who, like some imperial bird that had fallen into the hands of lawless men, was shorn of its strongest feathers, and deprived of its genuine and heart-awakening element, shut out from the sublimer scenery for which its nature fitted it, and robbed of that mysterious and inestimable freedom in which it

could feel at home, at its ease, and resting, so to express it, upon its proper centre.

However strange it may appear, I am almost inclined to say, that the boy, particularly in these visionary moods, feels a more earnest aspiring than even the man, after true freedom, with all its adjuncts and retinue of inexplicable events. The comparison is the same, as between the colt, whose mouth has never known control, who frolics in a thousand wild gestures and attitudes, and has nothing to do but to prance along the plains,—and the horse. Man by degrees has bowed the neck to the hard yoke of necessity, has looked through human life and the conditions of existence, and has reasoned himself into submission, to those distasteful, but inevitable evils which are inseparably interwoven in the web of mortal life. Not so the boy: he has seen nothing of this; nor have any considerations occurred to his mind, leading him to choose

subjection, and voluntarily and resolutely to resign the sweets of liberty.

I am aware, that in what I now record I am relating a strange story; but it is necessary to the illustration of my future life. The moral of Æsop's fable of the lion and the man is applicable here. We see every where the monuments of human achievements; but the lions have no historians and no statuaries of their own. All those persons who have produced practical treatises on the art of education, have been men. The books are always written by those who are the professors of teaching, never by the subjects. Every author indeed was once a boy; but he seems to abjure the recollection of what he was, when he puts on the manly gown, and to have no consideration and forbearance for that state through which every man has passed, but to which no man shall return. I have been obliged, by the tenour of what I have to record, to take a contrary course. It has

been necessary for me, to resume the character of my early years, and to forget for the moment that those years have passed away. I have committed to paper what, during those years, passed through my mind; I have nothing to do with either vindicating or condemning that of which I am the historian. I may thus perhaps have performed a task of general utility; it surely is not unfitting, that that which forms one considerable stage in the history of man, should for once be put into a legible and a permanent form. Far be it from me to impute my own feelings during this period, to every youth that is placed under the direction of a preceptor. I know that my feelings were solitary, unsocial, exaggerated, wicked. Still I regard myself on the whole as a member of the great community of man; and I cannot be persuaded that feelings, which were so familiar and habitual with me, do not under some modification exist in the majority of human minds, dur-

ing that period of life which in my own case I have been attempting to describe.

But to return. I may sum up the view of my situation, so far as Mr Bradford is concerned, by saying that it consisted of two features principally. I had the most unbounded deference for this good man in all his speculative decisions. His religion was my religion; his prejudices were my prejudices. As an essential characteristic of my nature was energy, I could have died for the faith in which he had instructed me; I could not bear to hear his tenets contradicted or opposed. At the age of which I am speaking I was but little of an intellectual gladiator; I therefore made up in zeal, what I wanted in skill; my blood boiled, my flesh trembled, and my indignation exceeded all ordinary pitch, when I heard sentiments uttered, which my education had taught me to regard as the pernicious suggestions of a blasphemous spirit. Yet, at the same time that I regarded Hilkiah

in this point of view with unmingled reverence, I never wished to behold his face. His countenance, his figure, his gestures, the very tone of his voice, were all subjects of aversion to me. My understanding, my opinions, were at his devotion: but my heart took a different course. "It came not into his secret; and to his counsels it was not united." In all that was most cordial and consolatory to the spirit it stood off from him, as wide as the poles from each other. In my wishes and cherished visions he had no part. This was a *peculium* that I carefully shut up in my own bosom, and of which no creature that lived was a partaker.

CHAPTER VII.

Such was the monotony of my life during the years in which I resided under the roof of my uncle. Few were the occasions that were calculated to awaken in me the social affections, in their purest and most fascinating tone. To all this however there was one exception. I have already said that I had a sister. This sister I had scarcely seen; and I almost forgot that she existed. One morning Hilkiah communicated to me the intelligence that she was expected on a visit; my uncle had invited her to spend a week or ten days under his roof. It cannot be imagined what pleasure

I derived from the information. The entrance of one stranger, and that stranger a visitor, under the battlements of our mansion, was an event as memorable, as a congress of half the sovereigns of Europe, and all the splendours of their reception, would be to the fashionable and the gay.

My sister was one year younger than myself. She had regular features, a transparent complexion, and a most prepossessing countenance. "Her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheeks." Her eyes were dark and expressive; and her smiles were bewitching. Her form was light and airy, like that of a sylph. Her motions had a *naiveté* and grace, that I cannot conceive to be exceeded. She made me a painter. Whenever I shut my eyes, I saw her: whenever I let my thoughts loose in imagination, I pictured to myself her gestures and her air. The tone of her voice was thrilling; and there was a beauty in her articulation, that made my soul

dance within me, and without the labour and weight of emphasis, gave to every thing she said an impression beyond the power of emphasis to convey. Oh, Henrietta, thou dearest half of my soul, how can I recollect thee, such as I now saw thee, without rapture!

There is something in the prejudice of kindred, that has an uncontrolable power over the soul. I was alone in the world; I had neither father, nor mother, nor brother; but Henrietta was father, and mother, and every thing to me in one. We had a thousand things to talk about; and it seems to me, at this distance of time, as if we had possessed a power of dividing and multiplying the thoughts we expressed, and of giving to every one a fineness and subtlety, that the grossness and earthiness of more advanced years can never reach. We delivered our ideas with frankness; we had none of the false reserve, that makes older persons warily examine the recollections

and sallies that press to the tongue, and throw away one, and mangle another; lest they should say any thing, that should subtract from the consideration they aim at, and of which afterward they might see reason to repent.

We walked together; and wherever we walked, the place seemed to invest itself in inexpressible charms. Nothing could be more dreary and desolate than the scenery in the midst of which I lived; but the presence of Henrietta gave to it the beauty of the Elysian fields; and when she was gone, yet I could not visit the well-known haunts without their reviving in me the same ravishing sensation. She talked; and my soul hung on the enchanting sounds. To the little tales of the place from whence she came and its inhabitants, I could listen for ever. Her observations were so unlike to any thing I had ever heard before. What a contrast to Hilkiah, and my uncle, and the gloomy and formal establishment of

Mandeville House! My sensations were not less surprising, than those of Shakespear's maiden in the desert island, when first she saw and contrasted the features and figure of the graceful Prince Ferdinand, with those of the aged Prospero and the hag-born Caliban. I seemed now for the first time to associate with a being, with whom I felt an affinity, and whom I recognized as of the same species as myself. This was indeed a memorable era in my existence. I was never weary of my sister's company; no sooner by any accident did I lose it, but I instantly felt as if some insupportable period of separation had intervened, and I sought her presence again with uncontrolable eagerness; by night in my dreams Henrietta was sure to appear, and in some way to be the principal personage in their incoherent and fantastical drama.

The character of my preceptor was entirely artificial, and yet of an artifice difficult

to express. Nothing on earth could be more void of what is commonly understood by artifice and design; he was of a simplicity the most perfect and unsoiled; he stood defenceless and unarmed, the ready prey of any one who should think it worth while to play upon the unsuspiciousness of his nature. But his character was the creature of colleges and of books, of monastic discipline and theological debates, and bore little resemblance to nature, as she shows herself in those parts of the world, or those classes of society, where these causes have no operation. My uncle was a mere shadow, the semblance of a man, where nothing seemed to bear the impression of substance. But the sallies of Henrietta were the pure effusions of an unsophisticated spirit, and were like the first breathings of the morning in nature's sweetest climate; they carried with them the freshness of untainted air, the mild moisture of the dew, and the resistless charm of a thousand odours and

perfumes. I know, that in thus describing them I may seem to rave, and that the majority of readers will consider all this, as mere bombast, and high sounding words without a meaning. But, in fact, the sensations I felt were such as all words that I have the power to command, must sink under the endeavour to convey to another.

My uncle, being duly informed of the arrival of his niece, in a day or two after sent to summon her to his apartment. Henrietta, curious about so near a relation, the representative of the elder branch of our family, tasked me to give her a faithful account of his manner, his character, and all those peculiarities of which she had not failed already to hear so much. They had of course been greatly the object of my youthful wonder and remark; and, to gratify so dear a friend, I conquered the natural brevity of my sentences, and placed before her in a vivid light, those circumstances, which had impressed so strong a picture in

my mind. When she received the summons I have mentioned, she exclaimed, "Must I go alone? And will not you, Charles, accompany me to my uncle?" But she was speedily convinced, that his directions must be literally obeyed, and that his spirits were too tender to enable him to sustain an interview with both of us at once. When Henrietta was introduced to him, he uttered a few short sentences, with apparent effort, and with intervals between, "You are welcome"—"I am glad to see you"—"A fine girl!" while the singularity and mournfulness of his manner bereaved her of speech: and thus the interview ended.

Some days after, my uncle made the cardinal and mighty effort of receiving us both together: but this was never repeated. He looked at us tenderly. "Love one another," he said; "be a comfort to each other; assist each of you the other in the various trials of life!"

"What a man!" said Henrietta, as we left

the room. "I am sure I love him. It is impossible to feel any other sentiment towards him. How much he must have suffered! What a life! Poor, dear uncle!"

"But, Charles," she proceeded, "we must be all in all to each other. We have no parents; we have no relation in the world, but the owner of this house. And he lives among the dead. I cannot think of this mansion, but as of one of the Pyramids of Egypt; and its master is like a deceased prince I have somewhere read of, whose body rose at a certain hour every night out of its coffin, and having passed through several apartments of state in silence and sadness, returned to its place, and laid down again in death, till the same hour came round on the following night.

"Our poor uncle! He has done with the world. All his thoughts and hopes are buried in the tomb. Though he exists on the face of the earth, he has no longer any concern or interest with the inhabitants of

the earth. But we, Charles,—we are young. It is the fate of all living creatures, to have at some periods quick feelings and a heart unwounded; and our turn is to come. We know not what destiny is reserved for us. But we shall meet it with quick imaginations and a beating bosom; and the disappointment of all that have gone before us, will not prevent us from anticipating joy, with as sanguine a spirit, as inspired the first man, before history had yet written one solitary page of warning and example."

Swift flew the hours during this ecstatic visit, and the ten days limited for its duration were speedily at an end. The day before the departure of Henrietta, and the day before that, we began to look towards the misery of separation. For a time however this recollection merely gave bitterness to a moment; and we seemed to use it, only to give zest to our never-ending conferences, and as an inducement to plunge so much the more desperately into the

sweets of each others society. Gradually it became otherwise. The morning of the last day we were to spend together made us sober; and as we watched the setting of the sun that evening beneath the ocean-wave, without speaking a word, the eyes of both of us filled with tears.

"Well!" said Henrietta, rousing herself, "it cannot be helped; we must submit to our fortunes. The day, I am confident, will come, when we shall meet again; no one knows how soon; no one knows for how long. At this moment I feel that I do not love any human creature so well as my brother; the recollection of you, my Charles, will charm away many a sorrow, and will speak consolation and pride to my heart. Still too we have something left; we can write letters. You will write to me, will you not? And when I have the pen in my hand, and my chattering vein comes upon me, with which I have already tried your patience, I will think you are present

You know I have always been the principal talker, and you have answered me with silence or few words; so I will think I have got you beside me, your arm under my arm; that will do very well, will it not? I see by your looks, that you think it will do but poorly; I know that too, Charles. Heigh ho! but we will make the best of it, and be glad of that, when we can get nothing better."

Was not this charming talk? and could I help loving such a sister as this? I could not talk thus; I could only look the things, which she clothed in such bewitching words. But, oh! every syllable and every articulation penetrated to my heart. No, I cannot but think, that never creature loved as I loved. And the innocence and simplicity of our affection, which was all soul, and had no alloy of grossness, turned it into a purer, a brighter, and a more heavenly flame. We loved, as the angels may be supposed to love above the cerulean sky.

Some persons will affirm, that the sentiments and ideas I express are above the age of the actors. It may be so: I only know that all I have related comes far short of the reality. It was with us, as it is said sometimes to be with a person at the point of death, who already breathes of heaven, who seems to have put off this cumbrous load of flesh, and to partake by anticipation, of the prophetic spirit and the unearthly vision that characterise the state of saints above. The situation was new to us, to me especially; and what was felt by one of us, was imparted as it were by electricity to the other. My life had been so monotonous, and its course had had so little in it to awaken the finer feelings. If I dared hazard an idea, which after all may not be true, I should say, Henrietta talked best, but I loved the most. But in both of us the situation was such, that it awakened in us faculties which otherwise might have ept for another climacteric. We leaped

a gulf of years, and seemed to understand, what ordinary mortals do not understand till they have celebrated many more anniversaries at the altar of life.

CHAPTER VIII.

My sister had not long left us, when Mr Bradford was seized with a distemper, that threatenéd to put a speedy end to his life. A physician was called in from the nearest town, and all proper assistance was afforded. But it speedily appeared that the disease was too strong for the power of medicine to baffle; and its virulence was such, that in a few days it put an end to the life of this venerable and innocent being. In one of those intervals which afforded him a comparative degree of composure and ease, he caused me to be called to his bed-

side. He desired me to sit near him; and he took one of my hands in his.

"My dear Charles," said he, "in the solitude in which we have lived, you have been for years the principal subject of my anxiety. Your parents you lost early by the most dreadful calamity; the state of your uncle's health and spirits have long incapacitated him from supplying their place; Providence seemed to have cast you entirely on my care. I have done my duty according to the best of that light that was afforded me; and I am thankful that I have been spared so long for that purpose. It is now the will of the Lord, that I should be taken from you; and it is not given to me to foresee what will be your destiny, when I am no more with you. All that remains is, that I charge you, 'in the sight of God who quickeneth all things, and before Jesus Christ,' that you hold fast the truth that has been committed to you. I foresee that great trials are yet reserved for the people

of this unhappy land. The power of Antichrist is not at an end; and the cup of his enchantments still retains all its pernicious ingredients. There shall come a falling away and an apostacy, even in this chosen land of Great Britain. But be you fast in the faith. Eschew the persuasions of the 'scarlet whore that sitteth upon the mountains.' Let not your soul come into her secrets, neither be you a partaker in her blasphemies.

"For myself I go to the blessed few, whom Christ has chosen out of the world. I go to the little flock of his saints, whom he shall bring with him in his glory. There I shall see my excellent namesake, who when threatened with the flames, defied the power of the evil one. There I shall associate with the glorified spirits of Wishart and Hamilton, who amidst the pangs of death, with pious fervour predicted, the one the assassination of his judge, while the other summoned his accuser to meet him

without delay before the judgment-seat of Christ. Where I am, no pope, nor cardinal, not one member of the vast Antichristian hierarchy shall ever come.

"But I do not so far rejoice in the glory that awaits me, my dear Charles, as to make me in any degree unmindful of whatever appertains to your welfare. I have endeavoured to do my duty by you; but at this awful moment, when I am compelled to review for the last time what I have done, I am filled with apprehensions and fears, lest, with the sincerest anxiety for your good, I may at any time have chosen erroneous means. I may have assumed an undue authority; I may have mistakingly awakened evil passions in your bosom. If I have done so, I ask your forgiveness. We are all of us fallible creatures, and ought at all times to fear the errors we may commit. Do not then, my sweet Charles, remember these things against me; treasure up only those truths I have de-

livered to you for your everlasting benefit. Remember me as your friend; and let the eye that looks upon my tomb, and the tongue that I have taught to repeat the lessons of human and divine learning, continue to bless me!"

My heart melted at the ingenuous confessions and the earnest affection of this venerable man. I recollected all the displeasure and the animosity I had felt against him, and I was ashamed. The eye that had darted at me glances of reproach, was now closed in death; the tongue that had overwhelmed me with sharp rebuke and bitter homilies of reproof, was silent for ever. I shed a torrent of sincere tears over his remains. I accused myself of a perverse and a wicked nature, that where all was meant so sincerely, I could have harboured such stormy resentments.

This good man, the friend of my earliest youth, did not many hours survive the last admonitions and expressions of kindness he

had addressed to me. I looked on his insensible corpse; it was the first time I had ever viewed the human form, after death had already extinguished the intellectual spark; and it was an awful meditation to me—to me, more than to many others; for the habit of my soul was endless rumination, in which the tongue was chained up in silence, and the limbs almost forgot their office, but the thinking part of the machine worked incessantly, like the members and wheels of a vast machine, or like the eternal descent of the waters in a foaming cataract.

The funeral of Mr Bradford followed soon. Though the nearest market-town was at a distance of seventeen miles, we had a diminutive parish church and its little churchyard, that was only six miles from us. I had seldom visited it; for Mr Bradford, while he lived, filled the joint offices of my preceptor in learning, and the chaplain to Mandeville House; and every Lord's

day duly pronounced a discourse, and became the organ of the houshold in prayer, in a little chapel, which was preserved in a state of decent repair for that purpose. I knew the church however; it had occasionally formed a centrical point in my rambles; I was not unfamiliar with its unpretending architecture and its scanty congregation of graves. At the west end, near the outer wall of the chancel, was a vault which had been built by one of the ancestors of the Mandeville family; and to this repository were the remains of Hilkiah conveyed. The steward of my uncle marshalled the ceremony; a hearse was procured for the occasion; and the mourners, myself in chief, followed on horseback. The day was gloomy; the whole hemisphere was wrapped in a thick grey cloud, yet without rain. My soul became satisfied in this seeming harmony of the elements with the melancholy of the scene.

I have described the feelings which suc-

ceeded within me immediately upon the death of my preceptor. But these feelings were temporary. While the grave of Hilkiah was freshly closed, and his last scene was vividly impressed on my memory, I repented most truly of all the anger I had conceived against him. But when the impression of his last moments was somewhat faded, and what passed at that time only ranked with the other recollections of our protracted intercourse, my original notions returned to me. While the remembrance of his last benedictions was new to me, I loved him; at all times, in a certain sense I honoured him; but finally the habit returned to me, of considering him as the being, who had poisoned the first pleasures of my infancy, and who had first caused me to feel the pains of mortification and contempt. His image, the figure which my fancy conjured up of his person and his countenance, was displeasing to me. In my dreams the idea of Hilkiah always came

associated with painful sensations. Yet, along with this, he was not the less my oracle and guide, the master of my theories, and the regulator of my faith.

CHAPTER IX.

It has sufficiently appeared that my situation was a solitary one, while Hilkiah lived: what did it become when my venerable preceptor was no more? If freedom could make happiness, I was free. My uncle was a mere cypher in the economy of his own houshold. Having already reached the twelfth year of my age, and being considered as the immediate heir to the Mandeville estate, none of the servants had the boldness to control me in my caprices. Happily those caprices were neither violent nor adventurous. Still more happily for me, this period of my interreg-

num was short. What effect would have been produced, if the interval in which I was my own master had been protracted, I can scarcely venture to say. I shut my books. This had been the case during the short season of Hilkiah's mortal sickness. But then my thoughts were much occupied with his precarious state, and the melancholy catastrophe that seemed to impend. When that was decided, and still more when the remains of my preceptor had been finally carried forth from the mansion in which he had enacted so considerable a personage, I felt that I was entering on a new epoch. The apartment in which we had sat together, was now entirely mine. The easy chair, in which in his character of my pedagogue he had delighted to repose himself, was vacant.

I shut my books. Probably after some interval, if the experiment had been tried upon me, I should have returned to them. But for the moment I was delighted with

the change. That which had for years been imposed upon me as a task, could not immediately convert itself into a pleasure. Greek and Latin, the historian equally and the poet of antiquity, avaunt! It was the badge of my liberation, that I no longer pored upon pages, rich with the spoils of time. This short period had a memorable effect upon me. If before I had been a lover of liberty, and had felt the deepest repugnance to every species of contradiction and control, I now seemed to myself to have actually entered upon the privileges and immunities, that are the just inheritance of the maturer part of my species.

For a few days I was contented with the simple fruition of these privileges. To savour the condition in which I was placed, to me was happiness enough. But, after a short time, this pleasure became familiar to the sense, and stood in need of further excitement to give it pungency. How far did my liberty extend? I went into and out

of my uncle's house as I pleased. But was this the boundary of my discretion? Could I wander no farther than my legs could carry me; and were my rambles confined to so much as might be accomplished between sun and sun?

It was my own voluntary choice, that brought me back each successive evening, to the house in which I had resided ever since my escape from Ireland. I might emancipate myself from this restriction whenever I pleased. I might contrive the scheme of a secret elopement. But, if I desired to use my freedom with this additional enlargement, would elopement be the wisest way of accomplishing that? Might I not form a project of departure and absence, to which it should not be difficult to obtain my uncle's consent? When I thought of absenting myself for a time from this scene of my early years, the first suggestion that offered to me was that of paying a visit to my beloved sister. How much further the

genius of romance, when I had put myself under his guidance, might conduct me, I could not tell. But, if I were enabled to execute any part of the project that now rose to my thoughts, I determined that the first stage in my journeyings, the first branch of the inheritance of pleasure I proposed to myself, should be, once again to embrace my dear Henrietta.

I endeavoured in another way to anticipate the events of my future history. I was left to my own devices. No one of the houshold had the presumption to talk to me of my future destination; and the silence and reserve of my own nature prevented me from inviting them to enter on the topic. But was my education ended? I was not so ignorant of the rules of political society, as not to know that ten years more must elapse, before I should be acknowledged by the laws of my country as my own master. How was this period to be filled up? Should I receive no

more instruction in learning? Would some reverend divine, hitherto a stranger, be introduced as the successor of Hilkiah, to superintend my studies, and keep alive the devotions of Mandeville House? This was a very anxious question to me. If the authority and the magisterial rebukes of Mr Bradford, familiarised as I had been to them from my earliest years, had proved an intolerable torment, with what patience could I think of being subjected upon the same terms to an entire stranger?

These reflections, as of a bird escaped from his cage, that seems to ask himself to what woods and coverts he shall presently make his resort, and that, while he flutters his wings, has the whole cope of heaven before him to dart himself to the east or the west as he pleases, were speedily put an end to in my case, by a communication from the steward, that it was my uncle's determination to send me to Winchester school. I had once seen Winchester, and its cathedral,

the venerable repository of the remains of our Saxon kings. I was not displeased at the new scene of life that was now chalked out for me. I had made a sufficient experiment of the system of a private education, and I detested it. I easily conceived that, in a numerous school, the masters were in some sort a mere appendage to the establishment, and that the whole was a species of commonwealth, in which each member had his own rights of equality, or claims of empire, to assert, and each supported either the one or the other as he could. I had never had experience of a similar scene, and knew not how I should find myself adapted for the combat. My imagination sparkled, and my blood tingled, at the thought of it. But I did not shrink. I felt that I was at the age for experiments; and I did not find myself willing to pass through the scene of existence inglorious, without once having asserted myself, or dared to mix among my equals.

I only suggested one condition, at the price of which I was willing to yield without a repining word, to my uncle's decision: this was, that I might first be permitted to spend a few days on a visit to Henrietta. My request was immediately granted. The place of her residence was in the New Forest, not far from the Southampton Water. It is not possible to conceive any thing more beautiful than the surrounding scenery. To me, who had been accustomed for years to look only on sands and morasses, and all that was dreary and neglected, it was transporting.

I entered the New Forest by way of Lymington, and penetrated to Beaulieu. It was in the neighbourhood of this charming village that my sister resided. The whole of the ride, which was of nine miles in extent, was exquisitely beautiful. It was a lovely evening towards the latter end of summer; and the recollection of the purpose of my journey was scarcely necessary to

heighten the delight of the senses, though that certainly bestowed upon it an additional zest. The country was luxuriant, and richly covered with wood. Through a great part of the way, the road lay among a thousand venerable trees, that seemed for ages to have defied the rage of the elements, and whose branches were barely sufficiently apart to afford an opening, amidst multiplied meanders, for the traveller to pass. Sometimes however a rising ground over which the road conducted me, opened a more extensive prospect, and I viewed the Isle of Wight, with its fields, its towns, and its variegated scenery, and the arm of the sea which flowed between, and divided me from this seeming terrestrial paradise. The stilness and silence of Sowley Water, a fresh-water lake by the margin of which my road partly conducted me, agreeably contrasted with the eternal mobility, and never ending murmur, of the majestic tide beyond. Further on, a considerable extent of ruins

presented itself, known by the name of Beaulieu Grange, which formerly afforded residence to the cultivators, and storehouses for the produce, that belonged to the monks of Beaulieu Abbey. One wall in particular, eighty feet in width, and of proportionable height, appeared to have formed the gable end of a vast barn, and was now mantled with ivy in vast profusion, the clusters of which depended thick and wide from the edifice which formed their support. At length I discovered the village upon the banks of a romantic stream, which owes its name to the beauty of its situation.

My sister lived with a family of the name of Willis. The husband had been in the sea-service, but having sustained considerable injury from an accident, became a cripple for life, and had retired on a small pension. The wife had been a schoolfellow of my mother's, was a very notable woman, possessed various accomplishments, and was eminent for her intellectual powers.

She had however been a girl of no fortune, and was considered as having married beneath her pretensions. The friendship that had begun between my mother and her at school, had continued through life; Mrs Willis had paid us a visit in the summer immediately preceding the Irish rebellion, and having conceived a romantic affection for the little Henrietta, and having no children of her own, had prevailed on my mother, to allow her to take the child over to England with her on her return. It was probably owing to this circumstance that I now had a sister. After the dreadful convulsion in which my father and mother perished, my uncle Audley Mandeville, as the representative of the family, had taken their children into his protection, and myself having been received under his roof, he paid a handsome pension to Mrs Willis for the maintenance and education of Henrietta.

The cottage in which the Willises resided was the most beautiful I had seen, in the

whole course of my excursion. It was ornamented throughout by the taste and manual ingenuity of its mistress; and nothing could be more lively and agreeable than the whole of its finishing and furniture. It struck me like a tenement in fairy-land. Of one room the walls were entirely covered with feather-work; the soft plumage of the swan, the partridge, the goldfinch, and the bullfinch, being interspersed with the master-feathers of the peacock, the ostrich, and the pheasant, so as to compose a thousand ingenious figures, with the softest and the most brilliant tints, that nature in all her prodigality ever engendered. The disabled sailor, though his accident had unfitted him for strong and athletic exertions, was fully capable of amusing himself in his own petty domain, and under the instructions and superintendence of his wife, had become an admirable gardener. The parterres, the arbours, and the little orchard, appended to his cottage, exhibited every

kind of beauty and rustic wealth of which such a domain was susceptible. The garden was terminated on the bank of the Beaulieu river; and here Mrs Willis had erected a grotto of several compartments, cool, shady, and refreshing, a most agreeable retreat from the meridian heat of an August sun, lined with many-coloured spars in a thousand fantastic forms, which sparkled like a mighty assemblage of jewels and diamonds.

The reader must not suppose however that all this splendour in any degree depraved and stained the character of simplicity, which so well accorded with this obscure and solitary retreat. The wealth I observed around me, was nature's wealth, uncorrupted by the hand of man, not bought with the tears, and groans, and blood of a hundred miserable victims, as cheap and ordinary in its materials, as it was beautiful from the elegance and taste of the hand that had arranged it. The trees were

unshorn; the walks were neither straight, nor forced into strange serpentizing involutions, but simply accommodated themselves to the inequalities of the surface. Every thing was tended with an exquisite neatness; yet the hand of art never protruded itself, but was employed with that modesty which so well becomes it, as the silent and observant hand-maid of nature. The poultry-yard was well stocked with fowls of various sorts; and whichever way I looked, all appeared clean, healthful, blithsome, and contented.

My soul was harmonized to almost paradisaical joy, as I alighted at the door of the cottage. To have seen my sister, whom I so entirely loved, would have been to me a happiness, ample and overpowering. But I could not be insensible to the quiet contentment, the cheerful tone, and the alacrity of kindness, of Beaulieu Cottage, so opposite to every thing I could remember to have seen. Here every thing seemed to

rejoice in the mere feeling of existence; there (at Mandeville House) all was formal and slow; and you would have thought they continued to live, from mere apprehension in lifting the latch of the door which dismisses man from this mortal stage, or want of that energy necessary to the individual who shall resolve to die. What I saw gave me a new existence; my blood circulated with a brisker flow; my eyes sparkled; my cheeks glowed; and I felt as if this were the first day in which I had known what it was to be truly alive. Not that I had not experienced mighty pleasures in my rambles and reveries during the life of my preceptor; but they were of so different a nature! They were solemn; they were even sublime; but they were deeply steeped in, or rather entirely penetrated with, melancholy. What I now felt, appeared to be similar to the sensations that might have been habitual to all mankind, if Adam had never fallen, and if the human species had universally retained the

innocence in which they were originally created.

Mrs Willis was a perfect royalist. Not that she was much accessible to the angry, and not at all to the malignant passions. But loyalty to her was of the same nature and substance, as her religion. She had learned both from her father and grandmother, and she would have felt it like sacrilege to call either in question. She felt that neither of them produced in her any but the best feelings; and as she stood in need of a God to look up to in Heaven, so it was a solace to her mind to think of the king, as the protector and compassionate father of his people. The saint-like simplicity of Charles the First (at least as she read his character), and the exemplary purity of his domestic morals, particularly fitted him to fill the place in the scale of being, which her imagination had previously provided for him: and Mrs Willis had in one instance been deeply implicated in a contrivance to free

him from his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight.

The understanding, the accomplishments, and the principles of this admirable matron, all of them strongly recommended her to the acquaintance and friendship of the loyal nobility of these times. Lord Montagu of Boughton was her nearest distinguished neighbour; and though his more splendid and magnificent residence was in Northamptonshire, yet he spent a few months of every year at his rustic mansion of Beaulieu. The elder Lord Montagu, by no means a public character, was however reported to have expressed himself in terms of so strong censure of the proceedings of the parliament, as induced them to issue an order that he should be brought up a prisoner from Northamptonshire, though already eighty years of age, and committed to the Savoy in London. As he was on the road near Barnet, he chanced to meet the Earl of Essex, commander in chief of the parlia-

mentary forces, who was newly setting forward on his expedition, and who expressed a wish to pay his respects to this venerable character; but Lord Montagu, understanding who it was that approached, roughly ordered his coachman to drive on, with the bitter remark, that "this was no time for compliments!" The elder Lord Montagu died in confinement in 1644: and the present lord, who lived entirely retired from public affairs, was principally distinguished for the beauty, the promising character, and high expectations men formed, of his children. Lady Montagu, daughter to Sir Ralph Winwood, formerly secretary of state, was Mrs Willis's most intimate and particular friend.

This, and other similar connections of the mistress of Beaulieu Cottage, were of the greatest service to Henrietta. She was not like me, a wild and undisciplined savage, with that mixture of timidity and spirit that is to be found in an unbroken colt; but, be-

ing accustomed to the best and most polished society, was herself, in proportion to her years, a pattern of whatever was most perfect in that kind. Yet, as I have already shown, the cultivation she had received was far from having converted her into a courtly automaton. She expressed herself with the greatest ease; her sentiments were unparrotted and unstudied; and they were uttered by her with the utmost gaiety, grace and unreserve.

One part of the scenery at Beaulieu I have not yet mentioned: the ruins of the Abbey. Several portions of this formerly immense structure, were still applied to useful purposes; what had been the refectory, was now the parish-church; and the house of the prior was still a dwelling-house, tenanted by one of the best families of the vicinity. These circumstances took away the feeling of desolation, which usually accompanies a heap of ruins; and the recollection of the devotion, the habits, and the

vast undertakings of past ages, was pleasingly mingled with the neatness, the activity, and the civilization, that continued to occupy the scene. Thus, whether I sat in the well-economized apartments of Mrs Willis's house, or wandered amidst the hanging woods which cast their brown and solemn shadows upon the expanded stream beneath, or reposed among the ruins themselves, every thing was soothing and agreeable, and strikingly addressed itself to the better and more beneficent passions of the soul.

My visit to my sister and her protectress was short; but it has often occurred to me since, to imagine what a different being I should have been, if it had been my lot to have been brought up at Beaulieu Cottage, instead of at Mandeville House. As it was, I belonged to no one; I hung loose upon society, or rather had never entered into its circumference; never, except in one instance, and that for a very short time, had

I seen a friend, a creature that irresistibly called forth my sympathies and my confidence. I ran wild in the woods; I told no tale; I uttered no sound that partook of equal communication; every thought I harboured in my soul, was a reverie; every passion was a monopoly, and fled from partnership, as from a pestilence. Oh, had I spent my early years at Beaulieu, had I passed a part of every day with Mrs Willis, a woman whose every word was a spark detached from the storehouse of wisdom, whose every look was benevolence, who had that grace for ever attending her, that won your confidence, and with an irresistible power drew forth your soul,—had I lived with my Henrietta, had I associated with the noble scions of the house of Montagu, and the respectable family that dwelt at the priory, I also should have been a human creature, Ishould have been the member of a community, I should have lived with my fellow mortals on peaceful terms, I should have

been as frank, as I now was invincibly reserved, suspicious, and for ever disposed to regard my neighbour with thoughts of hostility! I should then have been amiable; and I should have been happy! But my fate was determined, and my character was fixed. The effects of living under such a master of a houshold as my uncle, with such a preceptor as Mr Bradford, and in the midst of such an establishment as that of Mandeville House, will never be obliterated, as long as one thought exists within this brain, and one pulse beats within my frame of man.

I passed an entire week at Beaulieu; and, if I had passed an eternity, it would have seemed like a single day. Every thing I saw was amiable; and I threw myself without apprehension into the arms of every one I met. Every thing I saw was frank, and easy, and communicative, and sensitive, and sympathetic. It was like the society of "just men made perfect," where all sought

the good of all, and no one lived for himself, or studied for himself. Mr Willis, the owner of the cottage, had been bred, as I have said, to the sea-service: but he retained nothing of his original profession but its ingenuous, unvarnished manners, and a bluntness, in no way connected with indifference to another's feelings or another's happiness, but that served only to convey in a more unequivocal manner the truth of his benevolence. He had been instructed by his wife; and, as he regarded her with a love approaching to adoration, he was in some sense a copy of this exemplary matron, with inferior intellects, and whimsically qualified and dashed with the phraseology and gait of an English sailor. His very lameness seemed to give him an additional interest with the spectator: the goodness of his heart blended, in a way I am not able to describe, with his infirmity; and you loved him the more, because he was feeble and helpless, and joined the sentiment of a true

philanthropy, with an apparent want of power, as well as of will, to do you harm.

The Montagus were at Beaulieu the whole time of my visit; and the two sons of Lord Montagu in particular seemed to me a perfect specimen of all that is most admirable in character, and most engaging and excellent in boyish years. Edward was particularly praised for the beauty of his person, the united fire and sweetness of his disposition, and the gallantry of his temper. He contributed afterwards in an eminent degree to the bringing about the Restoration, and was slain, at twenty-five years of age, in the attack on the Dutch East India ships in the port of Bergen in Norway, under his kinsman, the Earl of Sandwich. Ralph, the younger brother, was a no less perfect creature, but of a different cast. While Edward was all fire and activity, with an arch, yet affectionate smile for ever coming and going on his lovely features, while he played, and danced, and fenced,

and rode, like a creature that never knew satiety or fatigue, Ralph was sober, calm and reposed, equable in temper, but more prone to meditation and study and the gratification of a liberal curiosity, than to the exercises of the field.

But it is in vain that I dwell on the Willises and the Montagus. These amused me for a moment, and produced a temporary improvement to my temper. But Henrietta was the whole world to me. In every thing I thought of her approbation; and I resolved to accomplish myself in whatever was praise-worthy, because I felt that she was capable of being my umpire and my judge. I knew that she would be a friendly and a partial judge; but I was resolved against the interference of partiality; I fixed it as my purpose to satisfy her most enlightened discernment. Henrietta was the universal subject of eulogy to all that knew her; the daughters of the house of Montagu yielded her the superiority without a repin-

ing thought. Her gaiety was more irresistible, her *naiveté* more touching, her carriage more graceful, than that of any of her companions. She sung with a more thrilling and heart-felt tone, and danced with a more sylphlike and etherial air. What should I do to make myself the worthy mate of such a sister, was therefore the perpetual burthen of my thoughts.

CHAPTER X.

From Beaulieu I proceeded to Winchester. This was a scene no less new to me; but how different from that which I had just quitted! Dr Pottinger, the head-master, had been the acquaintance and fellow-collegiate of Mr Bradford. He felt therefore some respect for me on that account; but still more perhaps because I was the sole presumptive heir to the property of Mandeville. He examined me in my progress; he assigned me a class, and provided me with the implements of study. The school-room was a spacious and lofty building, and I looked round me, astonish-

ed at every thing I saw. The pupils were about one hundred and fifty; and never in my life had I seen so numerous an assembly. But this was not an assembly, thrown together promiscuously and for a moment; but an assembly (subject to those changes incident to all human societies), with which I was to associate, with few interruptions, for several years to come. Some of the boys had already reached the full stature of manhood; and others were so young, that they seemed to hold their books with a faltering and uncertain hand, and rather to lisp, than articulately to pronounce, the inflections of their accidence. I also admired the garb of the scholars on the foundation, who wore black gowns of crape, and, when they went out into the air, placed upon their heads trencher-caps, like those belonging to the students in the universities.

This was indeed a busy scene. The murmuring labours of the boys, proceeding,

as it did, from the half-closed lips of one hundred and fifty human creatures, produced a united sound, low, monotonous, indistinct and perpetual, unlike every other sound, but more resembling the rustling of the waves under the dominion of a moderate breeze, than any thing else to which I can compare it. The loud, authoritative, stentor voice of the master, in its sudden impulses, made me start again, till practice had accustomed me to this abrupt breach of the ambient air. The character personated by the director of a great school, if referred to the nature of man, is wholly artificial; but in him it becomes in a short time a second nature, which it is almost impossible for him ever after to lay aside. The withdrawing of the head-master at any time, produced a sudden revolution; and the voices from every quarter became more acute, with a stirring and lively note. The government of a seminary of this sort is a curious theme for meditation: its subjects

cies (the female sex), to which I may add a considerable portion of the other, have had no opportunity of experiencing what I have described. But it is not for that reason that it is introduced here. It is the express purpose of the narrative in which I am engaged, to show how the concurrence of a variety of causes operate to form a character: and if I were to omit any circumstance that possessed a very strong influence on my mind, the person into whose hands this story may happen to fall, would have an imperfect picture of the man who is set before him, and would want some of the particulars necessary to the developement of the tale.

Another circumstance made a very essential part of the scene into which I was now introduced. I was entered a student of Winchester College in August 1650. Parties at this time ran very high in the English nation; nor was the society of which I was now a member without its share of

this spirit. A year and a half before this period King Charles had passed through Winchester in his journey, as he was conducted from Hurst Castle to London for his trial. In this ancient city in particular, he had been received with great respect; the mayor and aldermen had waited upon him in form, as if this had been the period of his highest prosperity, to present him with the keys of the town; and the neighbouring gentry had flocked from all sides to welcome him, some out of curiosity to see him, but more out of zeal, either from original affection to his person, or compassion for the low estate into which he was fallen. This was a memorable period at Winchester school. The boys had asked and obtained permission to become spectators of the scene. And the melancholy catastrophe that so shortly after followed, caused the whole to make an indelible impression on their memory. People had but a confused idea why the king was

conducted to London on the present occasion. It was sufficiently known, that the power was at this time in the hands of his bitterest enemies. But so many negociations had been entered into by all parties in turn, for his being restored with a limited power, that no one, out of the secret, could prevail upon himself to look upon him as any other than the king. It was therefore with astonishment and terror, that they heard of his being brought to the block; and it was with effort, and by dint of meditation, so to express myself, that they could be induced to believe the news. Mankind is so weak an animal, that they cannot be prevented from looking upon a king as a species of god; comets appear in the heavens to illustrate his birth, and the world labours with tempests and earthquakes when a monarch dies; that violence should be exercised on his person, that he should be imprisoned and put to death, is a thought to which the vulgar imagination can never

reconcile itself; and when such a profanation is actually committed, men feel as if a violation was perpetrated on our general nature, that they were "themselves amiss, and did not know it," and that the "fountain of their blood," the source from which they derived their existence, was "stopped."

There was not I believe one boy in Winchester school that was not a royalist. By this I mean no more, than that we all felt indignant at the fate of Charles the First, and were friends to the house of Stuart. It was otherwise with public sentiment, even in that class of society to which we for the most part belonged, some few years afterwards. Men are commonly governed, even in the opinions they shall entertain, by feeling and imagination. In this respect the fate of King Charles took strong hold on the mind. He was a tyrant; he had no consideration for any human being, beyond the circle of his own family, and a

few personal connections to whom he was partial. Meanwhile, the decorum of his manners, the equability of his temper, his apparent mildness and resignation, totally free as they seemed from the least imputation of cowardice, were qualities that exactly fitted him to be the hero of a cavalier or a woman. But the recollection of the last scenes of the life of this unfortunate monarch gradually faded from the mind; and the successes of the republic, and still more the splendid character of Cromwel, as a statesman, and a firm assertor of the honour of his country, subsequently balanced the feeling I speak of, and seemed hastening to obliterate that popular sentiment of loyalty, of which a few continued to be proud. Cromwel appeared to be a monarch of Nature's own appointing; no one that ever wore a crown, knew better how to speak the language, that became the representative of a mighty nation. It was at the time to which I allude, that Cowley

wrote his celebrated Preface, disclaiming all opposition to the government established. The death of Cromwel however in the flower of his age, which speedily followed, and perhaps some untoward circumstances that occurred in the contention of the representative system and the protectoral power, overturned to the very foundation that fabric of government which he had so ably begun to erect.

There was not a boy in Winchester school that was not a royalist. Yet political party ran very high among us; and the contention between opposite sentiments was animated and fierce. The master was a presbyterian. The civic sentiments of the presbyterians are well known. They were the original stirrers of the war between the king and the parliament. They were indignant against the acts of arbitrary power and cruelty, by which the king and his ministers seemed to intend to break the spirit of their opponents. Their lead-

ers were deeply studied in the theory of government, and had firmly resolved to place the privileges of parliament, and the rights of the people, on an immoveable basis. In the early part of the war they ran a splendid career. But they were in the sequel outwitted by the independents. Cromwel and his cabal, with infinite dexterity and address, finally engrossed all power in their own hands.

From this time the purpose of the cavaliers and the Presbyterians became nominally the same, the restoration of the monarchy in the family of Stuart. But the nearer they drew to a seeming agreement, the greater was their fundamental antipathy to each other; at least it was so within the walls of our college. The cavaliers devoutly aspired to the object for which they had fought in the beginning, the establishment of the monarchy, unshorn of its beams, and invested with all the prerogatives of an eastern sultan. They scorned

to take less than that, for which they had contended in the field, and bled on the scaffold. The Presbyterian on the other hand, true to his original principles, aimed at the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, without any other alteration, than what should consist in clearly defining those public rights, which naturally grew out of the feudal system when accommodated to the changes that had arisen in the order of society, which had been with no equivocal voice asserted under the house of Lancaster, and the sentiments of which had been strongly inforced by the event of the Reformation.

It is astonishing with what abhorrence and contempt the cavaliers at this time regarded their new allies. They charged them with being the first authors of all the calamities that followed, and held them as more criminal than the independents, who had merely stepped into the scene which the others had begun, and conducted it to

its natural conclusion. They spoke with the utmost asperity of those, who had first drawn their swords against the king, and then pretended to be his friends. The tears which the Presbyterians affected to shed for the catastrophe of Charles, they compared to the tears of the crocodile, which are said to overflow with every demonstration of tenderness, while the heart of the animal is remorselessly bent upon cruelty and blood. The Presbyterians on the other hand, as no party is wanting in common-places for setting their own conduct in the fairest point of view, regarded the cavaliers, as unnatural children to their mother-country, as men who, when every privilege to the inheritance of which they were born was trampled on, and when the sagest and gravest plans were put forward for preserving their birth-rights, yet abetted the tyrant, and drew their swords to put down the cause of freedom. Such men, they held, were a curse to their brethren,

and by their own admission deserved to be slaves. In addition to this, they were persuaded that the cause of popery and slavery were intimately united. The cavaliers therefore were a party, who were willing to barter away that sacred freedom in matters of religion, for the assertion of which so many of their ancestors had died at the stake,—to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and tamely to receive "the mark of the beast in their foreheads." The Presbyterians, according to their own account, had embraced that middle and temperate course, which best became the character of Englishmen, steering alike clear of that self-abandonment and sycophancy which marked the cavaliers, and the extreme, equally worthy to be abhorred, of republicanism. And they would easily have succeeded in their generous plan, had not the senseless and self-destroying measures pursued by the cavaliers afforded scope to the artifice and conspiracy of the independents. But

the wisdom of the measures of the Presbyterians, was not to be judged of by a momentary failure: they had not indeed been crowned with success; but they had merited it. The system upon which they had acted was alone worthy of Englishmen, and must finally prevail.—It will presently be seen in what way these political discussions influenced my fate in Winchester College.

CHAPTER XI.

I NO sooner became a personage in this moving and busy scene, than among all my school-fellows one individual instantly fixed my attention and observation. His name was Clifford. To me, who had seen so little of the varieties of human character, he was an extraordinary creature indeed. He seemed both to attract all eyes, and to win all hearts. There was something in him perfectly fascinating and irresistible. His countenance was beautiful, and his figure was airy. The bloom of health revelled in his cheeks. There was a vivacity in his eye, and an inexpressible

and thrilling charm in the tone of his voice, that appeared more than human. His gaiety was never-ceasing and eternal; and it was sustained by such lively fancies, such whimsical and unexpected sallies, and so inexhaustible a wit, that

> The air, a chartered libertine, was still;
> And the mute wonder lurked in men's ears,
> To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

For a short time envy itself was disarmed; and I, like the rest, admired a spectacle, so new to me, and so beautiful in itself, that I was wrapt in self-oblivion, and possessed no faculties, but an eye to remark his graces, and an ear to drink in every sound he uttered. The illusion lasted for days, and I returned to the feast with an appetite that seemed as if it would never be sated.

But this was a brief intoxication. The solemn tone of my true character speedily

returned to me; and, though for a time I relished the vein of Clifford with a genuine zest, it was in the main too alien from the settled temper of my mind, for it to be possible I should enjoy it long. It held me in an unnatural state of feeling; and my thoughts soon fell back to the train to which they had been accustomed. My rooted habits were those of reflection, silence, and reverie. To follow, as I had done at first, the brilliant sparklings of Clifford's wit, had an effect upon me similar to that produced by the rattling progress of a vehicle at full speed. It made my brain giddy, and my head ache, with its violence. And, when I looked back upon the pleasure I had for a time enjoyed, I scorned or imagined I scorned, the cause that produced it. Was man made for no higher a purpose, than to laugh, be amused, and wonder at the jugglings and dexterities of another's wit?—I did Clifford injustice. His wit was rational; and his most sportive

sallies were worthy to abide the test of examination, and were pregnant with discrimination and good sense.

I have called the feelings, which thus at second thoughts arose in my mind, by the name of envy. The root of my sentiment however was a sort of moral disapprobation. I considered Clifford as a kind of mountebank, debauching the character of his equals, and destroying that sobriety and concentration of soul, without which there can be no considerable virtue. I looked into myself, and was conceited enough to imagine, that I was a better sample of our general nature than he. I felt therefore, that much false judgment was made, and much injustice committed. I sat silent and obscure in my nook, and was silly enough to be angry, that the common route of my school-fellows crowded round Clifford, and neglected me. If any one desired to be amused, to whom did he ever think of resorting to gratify that desire,

but to Clifford? If any one wished to be directed in his choice of amusements, or to obtain a just solution of any of those knotty points that are the subject of a school-boy's noisy controversies, still Clifford was the only person that was thought of. If the business was to get some crabbed passage in a lesson explained, or even to have an exercise performed for some boy who was too lazy or too dull to achieve it himself, Clifford was sure to be the resource and the oracle. The talents of Clifford were equally adapted for every thing that was required of him; and his good-nature and kindness did not fall short of his talents. His wit was sportive and good-humoured; and it was an unknown thing for him willingly to give pain to a human creature.

There was another boy in the school, whose name was Mallison. He was very unlike Clifford, and yet he was perpetually found in his train. He was of a dark, sallow complexion. It was Clifford's foible

to be too fond of amusing others and himself, and to say things surprising and unexpected, yet always, as I have observed, with the most innocent intentions, and without the most distant thought of wounding or humbling another. Mallison, on the other hand, had a singular gratification in seeing his fellows writhe with mental pain. His conduct was something like what I have heard related of a village-satirist, who in reading the Whole Duty of Man, found means to turn that upright and honourable work into a collection of libels, by writing in the margin of the different vices, prodigality, avarice, extortion, cruelty, lying, lewdness, which the author innocently declaims against, the names of different persons, his neighbours and fellow-parishioners. Just so, Mallison possessed the art to turn the careless and good-humoured effusions of Clifford into lampoons, and the devilish chymistry, from honey itself to extract a poison.—I will give some instances of this.

Clifford, though descended of a noble family, was immediately of a very impoverished branch of that family. The marriage of his father and mother was entirely a marriage of love. She had been extremely beautiful; but she brought no portion to her husband. He had entered a volunteer into the king's service at the beginning of the civil wars, and was among the slain in the first battle, of Edgehill near Keinton in Warwickshire. His widow was left with this one son, totally destitute of provision, either for his education, or her own subsistence. Such was her affection for her husband, and her tender regard for this his only child, that she could never be prevailed upon again to enter into the ties of wedlock. In more prosperous times, no doubt, some stipend would have been assigned for the widow and child of a gentleman-adventurer, who had fallen fighting for his king. But amidst the public disasters of her country, she had been much

overlooked; and almost the only thing done for her, was the obtaining a nomination for her son upon the foundation of Winchester College.

The situation therefore of this wonder and ornament of our establishment, was what would have been vulgarly felt as depressing. But it was not so to Clifford. He was in the midst of the sons of noblemen, and wealthy knights and franklins. His prospects and his expectations for the years of maturity and manhood, were nothing. But his soul was elastic; and the spring that kept all his thoughts in activity and motion, was always working, and never went down. How did he maintain this incessant gaiety and carelessness? Not as a school-boy might be expected to do, by the oblivious draught which the sports of that period so readily supply. No, he looked the enemy in the face, and threw out a bold defiance to his host of terrors. He wantoned with sorrow, and

laughed at those things which break the hearts of many.

"Well;" he would say; "I am destined to be poor. And what is poverty? As long as my blood flows cheerily in my veins, and a light heart dimples in my cheeks, I shall be the truly enviable man. I know, some will tell me, riches are the genuine means of independence and liberty. But it is all a cheat. The rich man is the only slave. He cannot move without scores of menials to attend him. He cannot dine without twenty dishes before him. He cannot sleep, but on thrice-driven beds of down,

> Under fringed canopies of costly state,
> And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody.

He calls himself the master of all these, and he is the slave of all. He cannot go forth, and take the air, until his servants please. He is at the mercy even of his horses. If one of them meets with an ac-

cident, or is taken sick, the rich man is immediately a prisoner, and at best must wait till a relay of fresh horses is procured. Upon what an accumulation of circumstances does the tranquillity of every day of his life depend! How is every climate under Heaven searched and put under contribution, before his slightest meal can be supplied! And, if the minutest of these circumstances goes wrong, how is your fancied god immediately turned into a wretch! How does he fret and frown, and how in his peace of mind puffed away by the weakest breeze! Take my word for it, the rich man is the veriest slave that lives.

"But does nature require all these things? No: a wholsome crust of bread, and water from the spring, give the freest health, and the most elastic mind. He is the truly independent man, that has the fewest wants. He fears no change of fortune, has no anxieties about the sufficiency of

his income, the honesty of his dependents, the strength of his locks and chests, the security of goldsmiths, the uncertainty of the elements, or the revolution of empires. Every state and clime will supply him with what he needs. Nor is he the slave of any habits or indulgencies. What he had to-day, he can dispense with to-morrow. He can wake when others sleep, and eat at whatever hour that the occasion offers to him. He can rest as well in a cabin as a palace, and as soundly, covered with his cloke on the naked earth, as on beds of sattin, and under canopies of velvet.

" This man is the only free man. He starts from his flinty couch, and dresses himself. No ceremony more; and he is ready to perform whatever his mind impels him to do. He does not wait, till the train is ready that is to accompany his march. He is not subservient to any man's humour and caprice, and is not obliged to calculate the ability or convenience of his

dependents, two conditions, from neither of which the lordliest despot is exempt. His legs are his footmen; and his arms are ever ready and prompt to perform all he wishes. His eyes are his *avant couriers*, and make plain the road for him wherever he desires to go. Fancy is his charioteer; and health, the best physician, maintains the evenness of his spirits through every stage of his journey. Appetite is his cook; and thirst his butler. Of this miscellaneous houshold he is thoroughly master, and has all his passions under subjection.

"What a state is that of mortal man in every civilized climate! The earth supplies us freely with her productions, and industry multiplies them. These productions are then divided among the inhabitants of the earth. But how divided? One man gets the share of ten thousand, which he wastes and dissipates in thoughtless profusion, as far as he can, and then gives away the remainder with niggard hand, to

the pining and anxious wretches to whom the whole was indebted for existence. I have heard it said, If the rich man could but know the miseries, the agonies of pain, the anguish of heart, and the dreadful paroxysms of despair, that are going on, perhaps in the next poor street to that which his lordly palace occupies, he would find but little relish in his dainties. But I wish that were the worst of it. He is not only the neighbour of misery; but he is the author of innumerable instances of it. Every costly morsel that he eats, is mixed with the tears and the curses of the poor by whose labours it was procured. What right have you to the share of ten thousand? Would I could muster up and marshal the legion, by whose oppression you are so delicately fed!

> If every just man, that now pines with want,
> Had but a moderate and beseeming share
> Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
> Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,

> Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
> In unsuperfluous, even proportion,
> And she no whit incumbered with her store."

For my part I am determined always to live so, that

> No widow's curse cater a dish of mine;
> I'll drink no tears of orphans in my wine.

"And do you think my enjoyments will be the fewer for that? How senseless a distinction is that which the world has agreed to express by the word, property! When we go to an inn, do we enjoy ourselves the less, because the walls were not raised by our ancestors, and we are no one of us the landlords of the house? On the contrary, we regard the landlord as a laborious drudge, overwhelmed with business and fatigue, that we may enjoy ourselves at our ease. The landlord it is true he is; but I, his guest, am the master of the house. Can any truth be more self-evident, than

that he that most perfectly enjoys a thing, is the real possessor? Well then; if I am the guest of some noble lord, the proprietor, as it is called, of a magnificent mansion, who is the true possessor of the luxuries that offer themselves to my acceptance? Why I, the occupier, or the consumer. His lordship is no more to me, than the landlord of an inn, the patentee of a play-house, or the tenant on lease of a set of apartments for concerts, balls, and masquerades. His is the labouring oar; his business it is to provide whatever may give me pleasure; his is all the care, the anxiety and foresight; that I may enjoy the whole without troubling myself about the matter.

But I do not chuse to be his guest. I like simple pleasures, better than luxurious ones; and I know that the landlord who does not make me out a bill, may put an end to my visit, not when I please, but when he pleases. My lord's house is completely decorated with costly furniture,

and the galleries are adorned with landscapes, history-pieces and statues. I like a plainer furniture better, and feel more at my ease with it. My taste is so uninstructed, that I have more pleasure from a landscape of Nature's painting, than even from those of Rubens or Claude. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; when the sun bursts out in all its splendour, and flings its radiance on the neighbouring hills, my mind is tuned to rapture; and my bosom is sweetly soothed, by the rosy dashes of light, which so beautifully streak the clouds in a summer's evening. When I am lost in the leafy maze of trees in the New Forest, I do not envy a minister of state in the midst of his crowded levee. And my heart decisively prefers to all the brilliancy of a ball room, a serene ramble in a fine night, with thousands of stars sparkling over my head, that by my rule I look upon as part of my possessions, not without some indignation at the tasteless-

ness of mankind, who run the race of life without once adverting to its real enjoyments. *

"Another cursed thing which rises from this inexhaustible source of evils, called wealth, is that every man thrives by the ruin of another, and that death, which sweeps away all of us in our turn, and is in contemplation one of the main stimulants to love, and in approach one of the greatest incitements to sympathy, is changed into an object of aspiration, and an occasion of joy. Thank God, I am not the son of a wealthy father! If I were, I believe I should abhor my own soul every morning that I rose. My father fell in the battles of his king; but my mother still lives; and long and peaceful may her days be upon earth! Filial affection is one of the purest of all sentiments; and my

* Guardian, No.

father was one of the noblest creatures that God ever made to beautify his creation withal. But, if he were living, and possessed ten thousand a-year, how am I sure, that, as I grew up, and became twenty, thirty, forty years of age, I should not wickedly think that he had enjoyed his property long enough, and that it was time my turn was come? For ten thousand worlds, I would not connect any source of joy, or find any balance of good, with the sacred sorrows of a father's death-bed! Oh, how treacherous is the human soul, and how much selfishness insidiously mingles itself with our kindest and most generous feelings! And, if such were *my* lot once, I must expect thereafter, that the tables would be turned, and that, when stooping in the vale of years, the lingering of *my* decay would be looked on askance with an impatient eye! Though I am a boy, I can put myself forward in fancy into future time, and imagine that I have that

solace of human vicissitudes, a child of my love. And shall I mix that solace, with believing that my child grudges me those added years that the bounty of nature gives, and that he is in heart and inclination the murderer of the parent that begot him? Oh, how sacred and how lovely are the charities of kindred and blood, to the humble sons of Nature!

"But, of all the evils with which a human being can be afflicted, not being born to wealth, I will not involve myself in the guilt and meanness of pursuing it. What, shall I devote my life to trade, and barter away my honesty and my soul for the turning a penny? Shall I decry the thing I want to buy, and praise the thing I want to sell? Shall my whole soul be devoured with the anxieties of gain, and my precious hours of solitude be devoted to calculation and computing? And for what? That, when all the finer sensibilities of my nature have evaporated, and there is

nothing left of heart within me, but what is as dry and impenetrable as an Egyptian mummy, then truly I may sit down, and enjoy myself.

"But there is another and genteeler recipe, I have been told, for turning a poor man into a rich one; and that is, by worming himself into the affections of the wealthy and the great. Oh, this is admirable indeed! The supple expectant at the board of a great man, is the slave of a slave, and is even a much more wretched thing than his master. His eyes, and his very thoughts, are not his own, and are wholly devoted to a gilded, nauseous, ill-odoured idol. How his hopes and fears rise and fall with the insulting good and ill humour of the animal he worships! How omnipotently he must hate the being he affects to reverence and value!

"For, what is this wealth and rank, that the world agrees so obsequiously to bow down to? Fortune distributes her favours

blindly. Most estates have their beginnings in griping commerce, or, what is infinitely worse, in the confiscation and ruin of thousands, that their possessions, freighted with the curses of those who are stripped of them and turned out to beggary, may be conferred on some courtier, as worthless as he is servile. The king bestows nobility; he is the fountain of honour. And, I take it for granted, he means well: but his favours are dispensed here and there, not as he would choose, but by the breath of cabal and the basest intrigue. There is but one true nobility, and that is bestowed by the Almighty ruler of the universe. It has its seat in the soul. It is that inspiration, that makes the generous man, the inventor of arts, the legislator of the mind, the spirit formed to act greatly on the theatre of the world, and the poet who records the deeds of such spirits. Put one of God's nobility by the side of one of the king's: who does not laugh at the comparison?

They are not of the same class of beings, scarcely belong to a common nature. Turn the former out naked to the world! His worth is intrinsic; his qualities are such as must excite reverence, wherever there is sense to perceive, or discernment to judge of such qualities. The king cannot bestow this: it cannot come down to a man by hereditary succession it descends from Heaven alone."

I feel, while I am putting down these discourses of my school-fellow, how much injustice I am doing him. I am aware that, as they stand upon paper, they will read vapid and tedious. I must observe here, as Æschines did, when he recited to a circle of auditors the speech of Demosthenes that had procured his own banishment, "What a piece of work you would have thought it, if you had heard it from his own lips!" So these discourses of Clifford, while he spoke them, appeared almost divine. He charmed, as it were,

our very souls out of our bodies, and might have led us through the world. It was like what is fabled of Orpheus; mute things seemed to have ears; and you would have expected the very beasts of prey to lay down their savage natures, and obey him. There was something in the very nature of his sentiments, calculated to waken a responsive chord in every human bosom; and the melody of his voice, and the sportive gaiety with which he uttered them, made them altogether irresistible. Set down in cold lines and paragraphs, they may appear long-winded and pedantic; they may be judged beyond the feelings of his age; but, if ever there was a creature void of affectation and the desire to shine, Clifford was that creature. He talked like one inspired. He spoke, because he could not help it, and to give vent to his full bosom. And his discourses were always so well timed, so aptly rose out of the occasion in hand, and were so animated

and pithy, that every one longed for the occasion, and were delighted to listen to the magic of his tongue.

It was wonderful the effect that this system of thinking wrought upon the scholars of Winchester school. Wealth in their eyes became dross; and instead of considering it, as others do, as a ground for vanity and arrogance, those who had the greatest pretensions to it became ashamed of them. I have heard that in other schools wealth and rank are very much overlooked, and that a sort of golden age of levelling and equality prevails. But with us it went one step farther. The captain among us boasted of his poverty, and was proud that he was born to nothing. And, with that spirit of imitation so remarkable among human creatures, poverty accordingly became the fashion; and those among us who were born to other expectations, pined for this blessed inheritance, and held that they carried about them a

brand of slavery. This extraordinary course of sentiment was the more easily introduced among school-boys; for school-boys have not yet learned the bitter evils which poverty sometimes introduces.

I, I alone, felt no pleasure, and refused to feel pleasure from the discourses of Clifford. In the first place, I was strongly impressed with the notion of their fallacy. How I came in my own mind to reason differently from my comrades I know not; but such was the fact. I looked upon Clifford as an enchanter, who hurled

> His dazzling spells into the spungy air,
> Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
> And give it false presentments.

I confessed to myself that wealth was pregnant with mischief, both to the possessor, and to society in general. But I did not look upon poverty with the same eyes that Clifford did. I saw that man was

not formed like the animals, to whom uncultivated nature supplies every want. Man is not, like them, a stationary creature, as perfect in one generation as in all that are to succeed, but is capable of infinite improvements. He then, that is so adapted to receive and engender arts and sciences, to adorn the earth with the works of his skill, to scan the heavens, and penetrate into the abysses of his own nature, ought not to be exposed to unmitigable poverty. In the solitudes of Mandeville House, and in my propensity to reveries, I had thought more of the condition of human beings, than school-boys usually do. I saw that in civilized society, the only state that appeared to me worthy of man, he could not subsist but upon the fruits of others' industry or of his own, and that the very attempt to supply himself, subjected him in various ways to the caprice of his fellow-creatures, and was in various ways precarious. I saw that the poor man was

strangely pent up and fettered in his exertions, whether their purpose might be to unfold the treasury of intellect in the solitude of his closet, or to collect facts and phenomena by wandering on the face of the earth. I saw that, when he suffered himself to contract the dearer ties of husband and father, poverty and an uncertain subsistence might depress his heart, and corrode his vitals. I saw that, if riches made a man a slave, entire poverty did the same, and perhaps more effectually. It is perhaps within the compass of possibility for a rich man to be free (though almost as hardly, as for "a camel to pass through the eye of a needle"); but the poor man must always wear the marks of his bolts about him, and drag at every step a heavier and more intolerable chain. I saw that poverty was environed on all sides with temptations, urging and impelling a man, to sell his soul, to sacrifice his integrity: to debase the clearness of his spirit, and to

become the bond slave of a thousand vices.

All this I knew: but I was not like Clifford. I could not put my soul into my tongue, and witch all hearers with my eloquence. Envious nature had denied to me this privilege. But I felt my deficiency with fierce and burning impatience. Why should this youth steal away the souls of his companions with glozing words, and I have no tongue to check *his* mistakes, and expose his sophistries? Why should error thus intrepidly bolt forth its apophthegms, and I sit timidly in my corner, unable to utter the truths that were fermenting in my bosom? It appeared to me that the system of the universe was in fault, and that the sacred cause of truth was iniquitously and unfairly dealt by. Jealousy thus, day by day, established its empire in my bosom; and Clifford was the maleficent wizard by whom I was hag-ridden, and the night-mare, under whose weight I lay at the last gasp of existence.

Sure I was (no matter how erroneous my opinion), in the secret calculations and combinings of my own thoughts, that my merits fully balanced the merits of Clifford, and that, weighed with the beam of a just estimation, my scale would prove the heavier. He that spends his days in solitude, and is seldom corrected in his determinations by the collision of another, has almost always an overweening opinion of himself. Clifford and I were two luminaries that could never shine in the same sphere; but I could not bear the idea of being under a perpetual eclipse, and that they who admired my competitor, should never turn a glance of passing approbation upon me.

This was rendered inexpressibly worse to me by the mischief-making temper of Mallison. The greatest gratification, as I have said, of this seemingly unnatural being lay in giving pain to another. The coruscations of Clifford's wit were a harm-

less lightning playing in an evening sky; but Mallison's unremitted aim was to furnish the bolt, that should succeed as surely, as the report follows upon the flash. It fell to his office, to turn all Clifford's innocent sallies into personal satire. With the acuteness that malice perhaps always gives, he saw that I was the most sensitive lad in the school, upon whom his spurts of ill humour would be least in danger to be wasted. It happened, that the estate to which I was heir, was perhaps larger than that which any other youth in the establishment was entitled to look to. God knows, I thought but little upon this. But there was a gravity in my carriage, a sort of inflexible sadness of gesture and tone, which Mallison wickedly perverted into the crime of being purse-proud. If my manner was somewhat cold, reserved and uncommunicative before, it certainly did not lose any of these defects under the smart of his lashes. There is something in

the temper of the unreflecting and grosser crowd, that always leads them ambitiously to join in a hunting of this sort. Under the tutoring of Mallison, they voted me a *prig*, a *frump*, a *fogram*, and qualified me with all the disparaging epithets, that a familiar acquaintance with the vulgar tongue could supply to the glibness of their eager speech. Mallison barbed all these with the appellation of Presbyterian. To his malicious fancy there was an odd discordance, between the multiplied manors that were to descend to me, the remnant of a thousand dazzling exploits and achievements of chivalry, and the melancholy and mournful carriage of the adherents of this celebrated sect. He would contrast, with impressive strokes of description, the advantageous air, and frank and commanding language of the *preux chevaliers* that had gone before me, on the one hand, with the ambitious plainness, the demure and nasal twang, the fixed eye, and the drawling *yea*

and *nay*, of the persons to the inheritance of whose tenets I was bred.

It may be imagined with what writhings and contortions of soul I stood all these attacks. Figure to yourself a being, just escaped from the magnificent and moss-grown ruins of Mandeville House, from a life of silence and reverie, and now thrown among all the rude clatter and gabble of these unmannerly assaults! In the whole course of my former life I had never been spoken to familiarly by any human creature, and certainly had never left pain from the familiarities of any one, except of the venerable Hilkiah. Now I was pointed and sneered at, as I passed. A significant winking of the eye, or a contemptuous shooting of the lip, the various mows and gibes of a school-boy's prolific and wanton malice, pursued me. The consciousness of this withered my heart, and gave an ungraciousness and constraint to all my motions. What was I? Why was I thus

formed? And by what perverse and malignant destiny was I thrown on so intolerable a scene? I had stood out to my own apprehension, as a being choicely gallant and great; in the elation of my heart I had almost been ready to exclaim like the great Roman orator, "Oh, fortunate generation of Englishmen, whose lot it has been to have me born your contemporary!" And here, within the walls of Winchester College, I was treated as nothing, a flouting stock and a make-game, a monstrous and abortive birth, created for no other end than to be the scoff of my fellows, their sport, and their joy, when they stood in need of an object to spend their brutal and unthinking mirth upon.

Tremendous were the convulsions and earthquakes, which these trials produced in my bosom. Sometimes I shut myself up in the circle of my own thoughts, and scorned to mingle with, or to remark, the empty fools who purposed to humble me

with their contempt. My brow contracted a scowl; my soul embosomed a ferocity; and in my own determined spirit I dug a broad and a deep foss, and threw up an intrenchment, to cut me off from creatures wearing the human form, who seemed to me unworthy of my love, beneath my hatred, and to whom it was an error and a weakness to extend even my notice.

But this was an effort and struggle, perhaps beyond the nature of man, certainly beyond the strength of a school-boy. At other times I came down from my precarious elevation. I resolved to assert myself, and to put my opponents to route. It was in vain that I endeavoured to do this by words; nature, as I have said, denied me this faculty. There is another resource, well understood among the retainers of an academic life. Words, few, but resolute, were to be inforced by all that corporal confutation and rebuke, which the unaided and imperfect strength of a stripling's

arm can inflict. I was defeated; I was conqueror by turns. By practice my skill became more useful to its master, more formidable to the adversary. On such occasions I delighted in the sight of blood. Whether it flowed from the person of my competitor or from my own, in the one case no less than the other, it seemed to lighten and dilute the impure and substantial fluid that weighed on my heart. I gained some, but an imperfect relief to the injustice I felt. Few things in the scholastic circle obtain for their possessor more respect, than courage and power evinced in this species of contention. My equals became more cautious in provoking me to this retaliation. Even those of higher standing began to entertain a more tolerable opinion of me, and mechanically to refrain from those aggressions, which they saw I so well knew how to repress and to punish in such as were in any degree my match.

But what a situation was this for me, for

to the dominion of others. The injuries of my body therefore seemed to be but the mark of my slavery; and its triumphs afforded me no consolation.

Guided by these principles, I bitterly felt that the walls of our college were not my home. The scene in which I was placed, was in utter discordance with the character of my spirit: And the consciousness of this, daily increased in me that concentrated and misanthropical spirit, which to a certain degree had subsisted within me from the earliest period of my remembrance.

CHAPTER XII.

CLIFFORD was a royalist to the core, and would often talk affectingly, yet cheerily, of the unfortunate Charles. Loyalty had been one of the lessons instilled into him from his cradle; and the tenderness of his heart would have led him to sympathize with the adversities of this victim, if he had not been a king,—and a prince, according to his creed, that from his birthright, and for his virtues, all Englishmen were bound to defend to the last drop of their blood. As he talked, gaily, but eloquently, on this favourite topic, a tear would sometimes start

into his eye, which he dashed away, and smiled as he did it, in such a sort,

> As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,
> That could be moved to weep at any thing.

Clifford had been brought up in reverential ideas of kingship and prerogative, and with a hatred of republicanism. He admired the principles of chivalry, and those high notions of honour and generous fidelity which grew out of these principles. He was the creature of love and the affections. The splendid descriptions he had met with of tilts and tournaments caught hold of his fancy; and the various expeditions on record, in which the nobility and gentry of different countries associated themselves, to put down oppression, or to rescue the country and tomb of Christ from the hands of the Infidels, were his amusement and his joy. All this inspired him with a congenial relish for whatever was grave, solemn

and magnificent, either in the rites of religion, or the conduct of civil affairs, and a boundless contempt for the cold and unattractive simplicity and nakedness, which had been patronized and diffused by the adversaries of the late unfortunate monarch.

His talk of this sort, as I have already observed in another case, was without premeditation and formality, in starts and effusions of the soul, bursting from him as the occasion prompted. And, when he detected himself in a vein of this sort, he would turn away immediately from the thought, crying out, "But what am I talking of? I, who am but a school-boy? Older and abler heads than mine have laboured, by day and by night, in season and out of season, to amend these things, and see what it has all come to!"

At another time he would comment on his own thoughts in a different fashion, and exclaim, "Well, well, the world will have its way; and what can I do? I am born in-

deed in an iron age, and have been called on to witness, or to hear of, a multitude of crimes: but for all that I will not play the weeping philosopher. What I cannot alter, I will learn to endure. I have but one life, and that, as far as I can without injury to others, I will make a happy one. When a few years have passed over my head, I shall never again be a boy. I shall but once be a man; and when that time comes, I will try to play a man's part in the world. I cannot have an universe made on purpose for me; so I will even make the best of that upon which fortune has thrown me. Then, hey, boys for a game at foot-ball!"

Such was the state of things among us, when an accident occurred to me, the impression of which will never be effaced from my mind. Among the other scholars at Winchester school, we had with us the eldest son of Sir William Waller, the famous parliamentary general. Sir William, when he had been dismissed from his com-

mand by the parliament as a Presbyterian, received as the reward of his services the Castle of Winchester with its appurtenances, upon which he had some claims on the score of family alliance. This of course rendered him a great man among us: and it is well known that the brilliancy of his services in one period of the war, gained him with his party the familiar appellation of *William the Conqueror*. Nicknames at all times furnish a favourite sport to school-boys; and as young Waller was indisputably, as far as the rank and station of his father was concerned, the most eminent of the Presbyterian boys of Winchester College, his fellow-pupils, by general consent, fastened upon him in raillery and contempt the appellation which his father had earned by his exploits. It somehow happened that I contracted a particular familiarity with this boy. I can scarcely now account for the selection I made. My native taste, as I have already said, would have led me

to Clifford. But such are the caprices of human intercourse!

Clifford was beautiful and prepossessing. Nothing could exceed the sweetness of his disposition, or the warmth of his heart. Yet I shrunk from Clifford, and attached myself to Waller. The solution of this, lies in what I have already delineated of my character. I was by nature solitary. Therefore Waller suited me, and Clifford did not. Waller was a lad of diminutive stature, and his complexion was a deadly pale. His eye sometimes glistened; but not with kindness. He knew not what it was to love any creature but himself; the occasional, rarely occurring, lighting up of his looks, was from conceit, the triumph, when such triumph fell to his share, of an abortive specimen of manhood over his happier fellows. To finish his portrait, he was in some degree, though not violently, deformed in his person. Such was the *William the Conqueror* of Winchester College!

It was disdain, and the unsociableness of my nature, that dictated this choice. I could not unbosom my thoughts; I could not come into contact with another being of the same species as myself. Once I had done so, and yet but imperfectly, with a creature of another sex, my sister. But in the groupes and the busy scenes of Winchester school I felt that this was impossible. Clifford, as I have said, was the subject of my first and my sincerest admiration; but I could not court him. All beings were to me tools that I was to make use of, or foes whose destiny it seemed to be to thwart my purposes, or to subvert my tranquillity. Yes; I could court, and accommodate myself to the foibles of another, but not as to an equal. At the time that I descended to him, I must feel that it was the sport of my humour, not a necessity to which my inferiority impelled me. In a word, pride, a self-centred and untameable pride, was the inseparable concomitant of all my actions.

It was this feature of my nature, that drove me to reject Clifford, and any other of the talented and high-minded pupils of Winchester College, and to chuse Waller. I chose him, because my sullen nature would not admit of a friend. I could have him by my side, when I did not prefer to be alone, and could say to him just what I pleased, and no more. There was no danger in him of any sally of the mind, any spark of an electrical nature being struck out, that should set the whole man in a blaze. My sobriety, and the solitude of my soul were perfect. I had a figure pacing step by step along with me, with which I could amuse myself as I pleased, without losing the advantage, as to every material point, of being totally alone. I chose this lad, because I could manage him as I pleased. There was nothing commanding or masculine in his turn of mind. I was not afraid that he should run out of the course, and make me the un-

willing associate of any freak of his own suggestion. He was of a timid and pusillanimous nature, and by no means likely to abound in his own sense, or to prove stubborn and uncontrolable to the mandates of one whose superiority he felt. Such at least was my interpretation of his character.

But, to return to the incident I was about to relate. A book of prints was found in my apartment, of the most odious nature, and least of all to be forgiven within the walls of Winchester School. It must have been the collection of some person, a deadly foe to monarchy (or, as it was then called) the government of a *single person*, and to the House of Stuart. The first print represented Henry, Prince of Wales, and his brother Charles, yet an urchin; Prince Henry being in the act of flouting and upbraiding the other, pointing at his crooked legs, with a label from his mouth, "Never mind; that is a good child! We will make

thee a bishop, and thy petticoats shall hide them :"—while Charles was in tears, weeping at the bitterness of the taunt.* The next print represented Osbaldiston, the master of Westminster School, at a time when there were above fourscore doctors of the three great faculties in the two universities, who gratefully acknowledged their education under him,† set in the pillory in the front of his own school; while Laud and the king were seen laughing and in triumph at a neighbouring window. [This scene never really took place; as Osbaldiston absconded and hid himself from his sentence, till the period of general emancipation.] Another print represented Charles with a sword drawn, a dragon with many heads opposite, and Strafford standing near the king, to lend him his aid. The dragon erected its crest with conscious superiority, and thrust out its forked tongue; while the

* Osborn: James I. § 45. † Echard.

king shrunk frightened at his own temerity, and seemed preparing to seek his safety in flight. Underneath was written, "As for that hydra, the parliament, take good heed! You know I have found it here cunning, as well as malicious." * The next print was of the irresolute and ill-fated prince, immediately before his attempt to seize the five members, the queen standing over him in his closet, in a contemptuous and threatening attitude, with these words, "*Va-t-en, poltron! Arrache moi ces coquins-là par les oreilles, ou ne me voir plus de tes jours.*" † Another represented Charles in the act of finishing his letter to the House of Lords, intreating them to save the life of Strafford; to which the queen was seen, with her right leg extended, and her left hand clenched and firmly pressed on her

* Strafford's Letters: Charles to the Lord-Deputy, April 1634.

† Echard. "Begone, coward: pull me those rogues out by the ears, or never see my face again."

hip, compelling him to add the memorable postscript, "If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday." * Another print represented Charles on horseback, in the act of receiving a distasteful petition, the petitioners being on their knees, while the king turns his horse suddenly upon them, with the purpose to throw them prostrate in the mire. † In another he was represented thrusting his head between the bars of a window in Carisbrook Castle, with a boat and horsemen in the distance to aid his escape, and these words, "Alas! where my head would go through, who would have thought that my shoulders would stay behind?" The king stuck in this attitude, so as to make a considerable force necessary to extricate him from it. ‡ There were other prints not less satirical than these.

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* Burnet.

† Traditional, from Mr Thomas Hollis.

‡ Firebrace, *apud* Herbert.

The book was found by Mallison, and shewn to Clifford. The prefects of the school (a denomination assigned to the boys of the sixth, or head form,) at this time twelve in number, held a *concio* or assembly, on the subject, to deliberate as to the way in which it was proper to proceed respecting so flagrant a delinquency. It was one of the maxims of this senate, that they were in no case to call in the interference of the masters respecting any thing that was not a school offence, and that they were a body, perfectly capable of redressing their own wrongs, and administering justice among themselves. Such was the spirit of loyalty at this time in our establishment, that no boy, excepting the two I have mentioned, so much as looked on the book. It was enough that it was reported to the sitting as infamous, by two credible witnesses. A jury of virgins would as soon have thought of satisfying themselves by minute inspection, that a set of

prints of another sort was obscene. The heart revolted at the thought; and they believed that no patience, where the mind was yet undepraved, could sustain the examination.

Before this awful body, I was myself summoned, together with Waller, to account for the possession of this book. It was found under such circumstances, as were thought clearly to prove that it belonged to one of us. The nature of the book was briefly explained. We stood there as two persons, between whom at present the charge equally lay; but who might very probably, one of us be guilty, and the other innocent.

I was as ignorant of every thing that related to the affair, as the child unborn. I stood therefore in mute astonishment. I looked upon Waller, and saw that he was extremely distressed; he turned pale, and was scarcely able to support himself. I pitied him from my soul. It was not my

business to speak to justify *myself*, and still less to cast the charge upon *him*; and I left my companion to explain the matter as he could.

Our judges like me, observed the greater distress of Waller, and therefore applied themselves principally to him. He stammered, looked wild, and seemed hardly able to bring out a word. At length he somewhat recovered his composure. He intreated that he might not be urged any further; he protested his own innocence; he begged to be excused from speaking. The manner with which he expressed himself, turned the inquisitive gaze of all upon me. He was told that all false delicacies must be put aside in this case; the offence was a crying one; and it must be sifted to the bottom.

Waller now apparently roused himself with an effort. He confessed, that he was not wholly unacquainted with the matter.

He said, the thing had been introduced to his knowledge by me.

"By *me!*" I uttered an interjection of astonishment merely.—But what an age of experience and horror was in that moment communicated to me!

Our intimacy, or rather the frequency with which we were in each other's society, was known; and he stated, that in one of our private walks, I had boasted to him with much apparent complacency, that I had such a book in my possession. In proportion as I had explained to him its contents, he had felt shocked, and had constantly refused so much as to cast his eye upon it. He remonstrated with me on the indecency and wickedness of giving harbour to or preserving such an article, which I had at first appeared inclined to dispute; but afterwards he had succeeded in convincing me of my error, and he sincerely believed it was my intention to have destroyed it.

Waller now seemed frightened at what he had done. He expressed the utmost distress. He appealed to themselves, whether they had not extorted the confession from him; he trusted that they would not stamp him in the records of the school with the odious character of an informer; and he intreated, that if not for my sake, who he was sure had seen my error, at least for his, and that he might not labour under so base an imputation, they would pass over and dismiss the offence.

It is impossible to utter the feelings with which I witnessed this detail. That Waller of all creatures should have dared to set himself in opposition to me!—that I should been infatuated enough, to have nursed such a viper in my bosom!—was to me a thought insupportable.

I was not eloquent. My nature refused to supply me with the stream of a copious discourse on any occasion. But, had it been otherwise, could I have stooped to

make an elaborate defence against an infamous charge, which I felt within myself to be void of the slightest foundation? Inexperienced as I was, and unknowing in the mazes and perplexities of the human heart, I believed that no one could be deceived with regard to the innocence of another, but he that was wilfully deceived. I therefore simply answered, but with the emphasis of truth, *that the book was not mine, that I had never seen it*,—and I expected my judges instantly to credit my assertion.

What then was my astonishment, when I plainly saw that the whole assembly leaned to the story of Waller? Could any thing indeed have been more unavoidable? His speciousness, his distress, his fervent intercession in my favour, had the greatest weight with them. Add to which, the gentlemen of Winchester school knew nothing of my family or connections. But the celebrated Sir William Waller, the father of my antagonist, and who still bore

the style of governor of Winchester Castle, had for years been the firm and acknowledged leader of the presbyterian royalists, and was at this moment a prisoner for his adherence to the king's party. It was not to be believed therefore, that his son should be in possession of a scurrilous republican libel, and pamper himself with the record of royal imbecility and dishonour.

But all this I did not at the time understand. I could not put myself in the place of my judges, and estimate the various presumptions that guided their decision. I remained in my own place, and saw only the justice of my own cause. Agreeably to the misanthropical and savage character of my mind, I could see nothing in all that was passing but a combination to disgrace and to injure me. I could not conceive, that they should not know my innocence, when I told them of it. The picture therefore to my mind was, that all that I saw was a trick, that the book had been mali-

ciously procured for the purpose of fastening the guilt that related to it on me, and that the whole scene of the trial, the accusation, and the impending judgment, was preconcerted, with a view to trample me in the dust.

In this situation my misanthropy was no shield to preserve the severity of my mind. My nature was ambition personified. All my habits had been those of self-reverence. I felt that ardour and generosity of spirit, which, as I believed, made me capable of great things. I felt that inborn pride of soul, which, like an insurmountable barrier, seemed to cut me off for ever from every thing mean, despicable and little. With all this pride, I could not endure the thought of a slur or an inglorious imputation, and, as is said of the ermine, I could die for very spite and shame at the bare idea, that any thing sordid and vile should pollute the whiteness of my name. And now "the thing which I feared was come upon me!"

Was this to continue? Was this to cramp and control all my future efforts, and put an end to my aspiring thoughts for ever? I cannot express the agonies of my soul.

It is true, that in a certain sense this was no disappointment. Habitually I shut myself up in the storehouse of my own spirit; and intuitively I expected no justice from the world, whether a wider or a narrower world, in the midst of which I lived. No matter! For a human creature to find his worst imaginations confirmed—imaginations, wantonly formed in all the luxuriance of a gloomy spirit, to which, while bodied forth, the heart refuses its assent, and which seem conjured up in wilful determination to exceed the possibilities of an actual scene—to find these realised, I say, in their utmost extent,—is no lulling and tranquil sensation. On the contrary, the very notion of having met with the thing before, amidst the incoherent creations of delirium, or in the fancy-formed route of hell broke

loose, seems to give to its sudden and perfect existence a more exquisite pang.

The whole of the evidence having been gone through, Waller and myself were ordered to withdraw. We remained alone in an adjoining apartment. I looked upon my accuser; I could not speak. I examined curiously whether he had the lineaments of a human creature, and even, with a vulgar superstition, looked down at his feet, to see whether the demon did not betray himself by his cloven heel.

At length I recovered the power of utterance. With a haughty and imperious accent I said, "Waller, am I guilty of the crime with which you have charged me? Or what have I done, that you should fabricate so foul an accusation against me?"

He replied: "I cannot ask you to forgive me. You have done nothing to me; I bear you no malice. But—you are endowed with courage; and I am a coward. The guilt is mine. I saw the book in the

house of a bloody regicide, whither I had been allowed some time ago to attend some messengers of my father; and, while they sought grounds of another kind to criminate the owner, I made prize of this. With a boyish love of amusement, I studied it at home, and brought it to the school. I thought the prints well done, and I laughed at the witty malice of the rogue that made it, without suspecting that I was doing any thing wrong. But when I found that the book had fallen into the hands of the prefects, and that they considered it as an affair of so heinous a nature, I could not own it; and I threw it upon you, because I had no other way of clearing myself."

"Well, Sir, and now go instantly to the prefects, and repeat all you have just said to me."

Waller drew back with the greatest terror.

"Oh, for God's sake!" said he, "The imputation will do you no harm; you are

accountable to nobody. But my father, if it were known, would resent my fault so much, that he would turn me adrift to the world, and never speak to me again."

"Take then," answered I, "the results of your folly. I am innocent; and I will not submit to the consequences of being pronounced guilty."

"Oh, Mandeville," replied Waller, "indeed you must. The original charge of having such a book in my possession I could not support; and what will become of me now? If now I am exposed, I shall not only be found to be the real criminal, but shall further labour under the complicated dishonour of being a false accuser, of having with cool and unabashed effrontery told a tale, no word of which was true, and that with the fixed purpose of transferring a fault to you, of which I was the real perpetrator. It is all over! I am ruined for ever! I shall be hunted out, not from the Wiccamists merely, but out of the world.

My father, my brave and gallant father, will break his heart to think that he had such a son. I shall have a brand upon me like Cain, to mark me out to every creature that lives. I shall have a stain, that no penitence or penance can ever remove.—Yes, Mandeville, do your pleasure with me! I have deserved it. I am entitled to no mercy. Let me perish in unimagined torments, so that the least hair of your head may go uninjured!"

I know not what came over me at this moment. This was a worthless fellow. His act had been that of a finished scoundrel, and showed that there was no rational hope, that he could ever prove a credit to his species. Yet I determined that I would be his preserver. There is something in the accent of genuine anguish, that a well constituted human heart (and yet mine was not such!) can scarcely resist. Much of the emotion he expressed was allied to virtuous feeling, and struck upon a chord that

is unbounded in its potency. Add to this, he was in my power, and therefore I could not resolve to use that power against him. I would not be his destroyer. I would not have that to recollect. However small might be his chance to act an honourable part in human society, I would not deprive him of it.

Beside that, there was something gallant, that at this time suited my savage temper, in braving the imputation of guilt, when secretly, in the chambers of my own heart, I knew, that I was innocent, and more than innocent. It accorded with the disdain which, without yet knowing why, I entertained for my species. I could brave the imputation of guilt, when it was in my choice to do so, though, when the imputation appeared unavoidable, it struck me as the greatest of calamities. I could "doff the world, and let it pass." I could "make mouths at the invisible event." There appeared to me, while I thought of it, a sort

of lordly delight in standing the scorns and reproaches of my companions, when all the time in my own reflections I smiled contemptuously at their error, and rose serene above the clouds in which their misconstructions sought to envelop me. It will presently be seen that I overestimated my own powers.

I said, "Waller, be satisfied. You have acted a foul and ignominious part: but I will carry you through."

I had scarcely uttered the words, before we were called to appear again before the council of the prefects.

"Mandeville," said Clifford, "the act of which you have been found guilty, is unworthy of a subject of Great Britain, and still more of a Wintonian; and the character of the college requires that it should be expiated."

"Shame on the wretch!" said Mallison. "To trample upon the ashes of a fallen monarch! secretly to find delight in con-

templating the scandalous lies, that have been invented against the name and reputation of a murdered king! I vote that he be required to eat the book on the spot."

I started. I had been far from anticipating the possibility of such ingenuity of malice and degradation. My countenance sufficiently showed, that to persist in such a sentence would be to no purpose. Even the generosity of boys of noble and honourable birth, such as were those that tried us, was alarmed at the idea of awarding against me, of whom they knew no other fault, any thing so brutal and so detestable. I already began to repent of the concession, which in the vehemence of my compassion I had made to the wretched Waller.

"No," said another; "let his punishment be with his own hand to commit it to the flames."

"Prefects!" cried I, with uncontrolable impatience, "it is in vain that I am treated with this ferocity of contempt. How the

book came here, it is no matter. I am as free from any disloyalty of sentiment as the best of you. I acknowledge nothing unworthy or mean. My limbs and the members of my body are my own. One and another of you may dishonour yourselves by such barbarous and uncivil suggestions: but you cannot dishonour me. I cannot truly suffer disgrace and ignominy, unless by my own act."

While I spoke thus, Clifford caught up the book, the subject of our debate, thrust it in the fire, and in a moment it was in flames. He then turned to me.

"My lad," said he, "you put on here something too much of the brave. You should be conscious of your fault, and appear a little humbled for it. You should remember that you were so sensible of it at first, that at first you denied it. But let this be your punishment; not that with your own hand you commit it to the flames; but that with your own eyes, as is fitting, you see it consumed.

This to me was a heart-breaking trial. When I found myself pressed by the agonies of the wretched Waller, I had thought, like a boy, only of the thing immediately before me, and had yielded to his intreaties. I deemed, as I have said, that there was something gallant, and well suited to my disdainful temper, in suffering in silence the imputation of a guilt, from which I secretly knew myself to be free. But my imagination had proved sluggish on the occasion. I had taken the thing only in gross. I had not shaped out to myself the idea of actual punishment, and still less had conceived all the insulting words and things, that might be addressed to me. I flinched and writhed with anguish at these, as they successively rose before my unanticipating spirit; and, to say the truth, utterly repented the generosity I had practised. I would have given the world, to have published the undisguised truth at once. But it was too late. I had

returned to the *concio* with all the rashness, but not with the firm resolution and deliberate desperateness, of a martyr.

That any creature that breathed, should have dared to give words in my hearing to the idea of my being condemned to eat by compulsion the substance of that by which my fellows had been offended, a degradation that at any rate could be awarded only against the most abhorred and recorded coward, was an insult that could only be expiated with blood. That I, descended from one of the first families, and in immediate succession to one of the largest estates in England, should have been addressed with this indignity, was a thought that could never be blotted out from the record of my brain; by day and by night it accompanied me; in solitude and society it haunted me; it mixed with all my dreams and all my reveries; if a moment of festivity or peace came over me at unawares, it was presently poisoned by the withering

recollection—"I am a blasted branch—the tremendous gale of public disgrace has passed over all the buds of my promise, and I am nothing!"

It will hardly be thought how fierce a havock this event made with my constitution. It was exactly as if an envenomed arrow had entered my flesh. My blood boiled within me. The whole surface of my body burned, so that every one that approached me, and touched my flesh, suddenly snatched away his hand, as if it had been scorched with fire. I was in a raging fever. Before the close of the day I was conducted to my bed, which I did not leave for weeks. My agonies, and the distress both of my mind and body, were insupportable. And, when at length my disorder subsided, as it seemed, for want of further fuel to feed on, I was totally an altered creature. My colour and my flesh were gone. I seemed like a meagre, unlaid ghost. All my motions were languid, and all my thoughts were

But what was most strange, and will be thought altogether unaccountable and perverse, the whole force of my resentment fastened upon Clifford. His part in the scene I have just described, was really a generous one. He saw how hardly some of his brother-prefects were disposed to bear on me; he was shocked at the inhuman suggestion of Mallison; and by seizing the book, the subject of debate, and thrusting it in the fire at once, he was really sparing my feelings, and putting an end to my misery.

But I could not persuade myself to view it in that light. His act was the crown and finishing of this whole; and the scene, as it stood in my memory, melted all into one mass, and belonged, without reserve or distinction, to the individual that had consummated it. Why did Clifford, thus unreasonable and unjust were my reflections on the subject, join in the cry against me? Was I not already brought low enough?

Was not the whole school united, as in one faction, against me alone? How inhuman then, that he should have spoken to me after the same tone,—that he should have acted, what they only threatened!

My nature would not permit me to hate the rabble, the mere chaff and refuse of the threshing-floor. Waller and Mallison came not near me. They might deport themselves as they would; what was that to me? It is true, while the scene was actually passing, I thought otherwise; but they flitted away, as fast as the living scene in which they acted a part; and it must be something of more muscle and substance, that should fasten itself on my memory. Clifford was a name with which my soul could grapple: he was an obstacle interposed in my path that must be removed; or else all that I loved to contemplate and dream of for future time, was lost to me for ever. For these reasons, all the offences I received from inferior opponents, left the figures and

features to which they properly belonged, and centred in him.

My pride was unbounded: what stood in the way of that pride? It was perhaps but an ill regulated and abortive passion. My temper was reserved and sullen; my speech was slow and sparing; I hardly communicated myself to a human creature: what chance had I for popularity and admiration? If all had been smooth and level before me, if no eminence had interposed itself through the vast plain of my existence, my hopes would, very likely, not have been the less abortive. No matter: whatever I was compelled to admire, I was compelled to hate. I was a disappointed and discontented soul; and all the wholesome juices and circulations of my frame converted themselves into bitterness and gall.

Clifford was the great luminary of the sphere in which I lived. Every one admired him; every one hung on his accents. He bewitched all that knew him by the

nobleness and gallantry of his spirit. He charmed, without a purpose to charm; the walk of his soul was free and unconstrained and graceful; his happiest impulses expressed themselves with such tranquillity, and so without an effort, that you wondered in what their happiness consisted. It is like what we hear described of the benignity of the Deity, that diffuses life and enjoyment every where, and produces the astonishing miracles that even the very "angels desire to look into" and understand, in perfect repose, and is as one, in doing every thing, that does nothing. What then was I? A dark and malignant planet, that no eye remarked, that fain would shine, but that, as long as the sun of Clifford was above the horizon, was cut off from every hope of gratification.

At this distance of time I can sit down, and deliberately calculate my small hopes of success, even if Clifford had been removed from the scene. But such were not

my reasonings at the moment. It seemed to me, that he was my only obstacle; that he was my evil genius; and that, while my merits were in reality more sterling than his, he always crossed my path, and thwarted my success, and drew off all eyes, not only from perceiving my worth, but in a manner from recognising my existence.

Is it not surprising that all this should have ripened into hatred? What enormous and unmeasured injustice! What had I to do to hate him? He never injured me in the minutest article. He never conceived a thought of injury. Yet all my passions seemed to merge in this single passion. I must kill him; or he must kill me. He was to me, like the poison-tree of Java: the sight of him was death; and every smallest air that blew from him to me, struck at the very core of my existence. He was a milstone hanged about my neck, that cramped and bowed down my intellectual frame, worse than all the diseases that can afflict a

man, and all the debility of the most imbecil and protracted existence. He was an impenetrable wall, that reached up to the heavens, that compassed me in on every side, and on every side hid me from my fellow-mortals, and darkened to me the meridian day. Let this one obstacle be removed (so I fondly thought), and I shall then be elastic, and be free! Ambition shall once more revisit my bosom; and complacence, that stranger, which, like Astræa, had flown up to heaven, and abandoned me for ever, shall again be mine. In a word, no passion ever harboured in a human bosom, that it seemed so entirely to fill, in which it spread so wide, and mounted so high, and appeared so utterly to convert every other sentiment and idea into its own substance.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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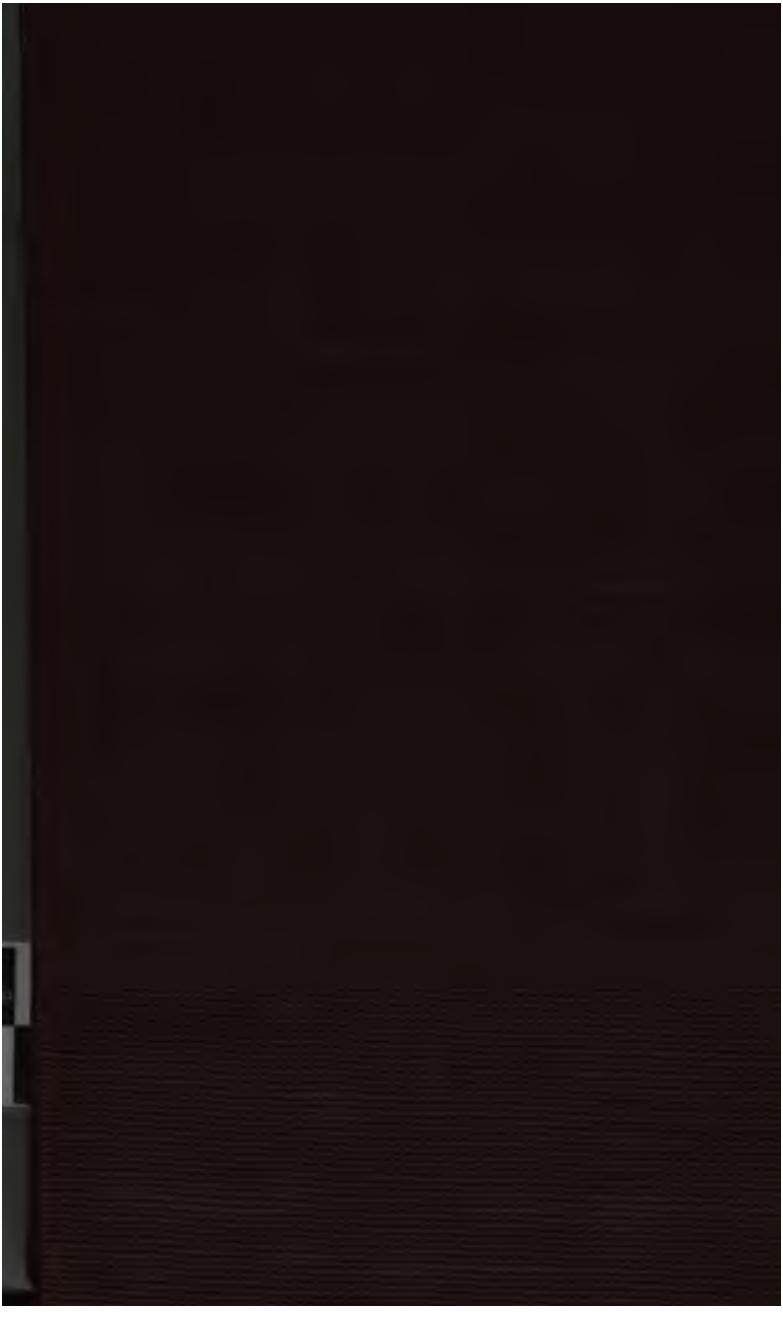
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